

The Alpha and Omega Codes

By

Brian and Jenny Cocksey

Copyright © Brian and Jenny Cocksey 2024

All rights reserved

No part of this publication may be altered, reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form, by any means, including, but not limited to, scanning, duplicating, uploading, hosting, distributing, or reselling, without the express prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of reasonable quotations in features such as reviews, interviews, and certain other non-commercial uses currently permitted by copyright law.

A Biography of the Authors

Jenny Cocksey was born in Whangarei, New Zealand. Whilst working as a secretary, she met her first husband, a civil engineer. In 1968, they left New Zealand and hitch-hiked their way around the Mediterranean before settling in England. Expatriate contracts followed in Algeria, Egypt and West Africa, giving the whole family a broad experience of how others live. In Egypt, she fell in love with the art of that ancient land. It linked to a time almost beyond time, three and a half millennia before. She set up her own business, Nile Egyptian Papyrus, and opened a gallery at Hampton Court in Surrey.

Brian Cocksey was born in Manchester, England and read Chemistry at Oxford. After doing a D.Phil. in chemical physics, he followed a career in the water industry. He lived in the north east of England, working initially as an analytical chemist before moving into operational sewage works management. Events in his personal life provoked dramatic changes during 1984. He left the water industry in 1985 and became involved in psychical research.

But it was through his interest in Ancient Egypt that he met Jenny who, in time, became his second wife. She was able to help Brian with his psychical research in a unique way. That is how Mary's story came to be told. Was it Destiny that brought them together? Or was it the Hand of God?

They were led to emigrate to New Zealand in 1995. Brian found himself propelled into a new but highly relevant area of waste water treatment while Jenny continued her secretarial work and obtained a book-keeping qualification. Their work into the nature of psychical and religious experience continues, but Brian's work in waste water treatment appears to have come to an end. Perhaps, after thirty-three years, it has served its purpose.

PART I

Introduction

*All my hope on God is founded
He doth still my trust renew
Me through change and chance He guideth
Only good and only true
God unknown*

1. Alpha

For twenty one years we have been involved in an unusual SETI research project. SETI, Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence, is a term used by astronomers to refer to projects in which they scour the heavens with giant telescopes for signs of intelligent life. This project is different in that it does not use telescopes or peer at the heavens, at least not directly. It uses the techniques of Astronomy - observation and deduction - but unlike other SETI projects, this work has produced evidence that may necessitate a change in the way science has taught us to view the world.

Astronomy is the science nearest to this work in method because, unlike the other sciences, the astronomer cannot alter cosmic events. He can only observe the stars and planets and try to produce theories that make sense of what he sees. He can choose propitious times for his observations, but he is very limited in the design of his experiments, in contrast to the chemist or physicist.

This has been a scientific study in the unconventional fields of meaningful coincidence and inspiration and has produced strong evidence for an active intelligence outside conventional understanding. This intelligence appears to know the future precisely and appears to give intimations of that knowledge through clues to what is to happen, clues which involve apparent coincidences, omens, signs and even direct inspiration.

Coincidence is God's way
Of remaining anonymous

2. The Reality of God

Early in June 2004 Jenny and I had gone into Auckland for a medical appointment. Afterwards we crossed the road to the Anglican church opposite. It was late on a dull mid-winter's afternoon. As it was the anniversary of the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, still notionally Queen of New Zealand, the church was flying its flag, the red cross of St George. The lanyard rattled against the flagpole, caught by the odd gust of wind. The flag fluttered in the breeze. The church was quite dark inside lit only by the stained glass windows. I took some photographs of the altar windows, Alpha and Omega. As we were about to leave, a priest came in. Noticing us there, he turned on the lights so we could see better the church. I had a conversation with him and my wife had one with his companion. He enquired as to whether we were tourists. I told him I had been to see an eye specialist and decided to look in the church afterwards. St Mark's was the church where Jenny had worshipped as a teenager and it had strong family links for her.

I explained that, although I felt closest to the old Anglican church, I could not abide the dreadful inclusive hymns and prayers in which the Anglicans now seem to wallow. Even worse were the Anglican churches like the one nearest our home with their overhead projector services and sing-a-long songs about a fantasy Jesus figure. "They were more traditional at St Marks" he assured me. "They even had a choir, a real rarity even amongst Anglican Churches today." Thereupon, I expressed concern about the difficulty of choirs and particularly musical directors, excluding the congregation. He admitted that it was a long-standing problem, noticed by others also.

I commented about the change in emphasis now in sermons - God was only a God of love - no mention of Justice. "People did not come to church to be lectured," I was told. "It was important to encourage people to come. But there may be something in that comment," he admitted. The discussion turned to the reality of God. "Do you experience the reality of God in your own life," I asked.

"Of course," said the priest. "Don't you?"

Ignoring his question, I asked for examples of the reality of God in his own life. He could not give me a single one - not one!

I told him that I saw the hand of God in meaningful coincidences. What is more, I said I had grave doubts that God had any reality at all for most priests. Suddenly, there was a tangible coolness in the conversation. Had I struck a raw nerve? He nodded. "So, is that your experience?" I asked. "No, but if it is yours, OK."

That response spoke volumes. Are priests trained to agree - not to argue - smile pleasantly - say whatever it is thought the audience/congregation wants to hear? Certainly sermons nowadays are not exactly designed to make the congregations uncomfortable, especially in the better parts of places like Auckland. Of course, many priests will tell you they are real Christians, born-again Christians. They have given their lives to Jesus. Well, they may indeed have had some kind of common experience - but to what? What 'spirit' have they given their lives to? As Christ said in Mark 13,6 *Many will come in My name, saying "I am He."*

Are these entities what so many so-called 'born-again' Christians give control of their lives to? How do they know the true identity of these entities? They may feel peace and love, but don't con men and deceivers the world over begin by making their victims feel comfortable? Too often, they have an absolute conviction that they are saved. There is no Judgement for them. 'Jesus' has somehow fixed it for them - a kind of celestial 'Jim'll Fix It'. That is not what Mary says. There is a right and a wrong, a heaven and a hell. Every lifestyle choice is not equally worthy.

This book is a more complete answer to the question asked by that priest. I did not have time to tell him and he would not have bothered to listen if I had tried. This is also an account of some of our experiences of the reality of God; there are no false promises of salvation.

So here is a partial account of our experiences of the reality of God.

This book is a supplementary volume to *Mary, Daughter of Elohim*. It is an account of strange experiences with numbers and odd coincidences. There is also another experience of communication from the dead, much closer in time and space than the person of Mary Magdalen. But this nearness carries with it the bonus of external authentication of the message from beyond the grave.

Then there is the matter of coherence in numbers. It was numbers which constituted a coded revelation of events very soon to come. The critic might ask why the complication of codes? Why not simply state what is to happen? There are two problems with the simplistic approach. Firstly, how is the information to be conveyed? If there is indeed a Source of Intelligence, a Designer of these Prophecy Codes, how should he make his information known to the world?

A revelation to a reporter would not get past the editor's desk. Visions of what is to come have featured in man's experience for millennia. Some are even accurate, but not worth more than a column inch buried somewhere in a newspaper. Television is a total waste of time. They have to be able to get 'live action footage as it happens'.

A second reason for the codes is that the numbers can be checked. Some elements are illustrated within this book. It is not just my experience of a vision of a future air disaster. That could quickly be dismissed as 'anecdotal' by the skeptics, these self-appointed censors of human experience; all that matters is their 'mission' to eradicate belief in anything beyond 'science'. Then they can swiftly move on to ridiculing the next piece of valid evidence for the paranormal. Nothing inconvenient like evidence or truth must stand in the way of the zealots. Rather inconveniently, these numbers were there in the real world of space and time. They were actively brought to our notice, nineteen days before their subject came to grief. What put the numbers there? Was it chance or natural selection perhaps? Were these numbers somehow better suited to survival?

What process of 'natural selection' brought this coded car to me? Or was it a process of supernatural selection. That would appear to be a far more satisfactory explanation of the many strange experiences described in this book? But, adding to the complication is the likelihood that perhaps the Source of Intelligence wants a certain amount of mystery to remain. Perhaps he prefers to leave man in his natural habitat of uncertainty, guided by his moral compass, for what that is worth.

Here presented is a unique kind of evidence. For twenty-one years, I have

followed signs and pointers. I have listened to a 'Voice' that first came into my mind one day in June 1985 as I got off a tube train at Ravenscourt Park in London. Less than a year later, I met Jenny. It is an odd coincidence that when Jenny first went to live in England, she lived in London for a while and her nearest tube station was Ravenscourt Park. Over the twenty years since we met, that Voice has become ever stronger, and the associated coincidences ever more powerful and more numerous.

This book attempts to give some appreciation of the progression of our understanding. It is but a poor representation of the reality of our experiences. It is difficult to convey the sense of excitement, of wonder which has, on occasions, come upon us. We have lost count of the number of times we have said "How can that be chance?" But the overall feeling is one of frustration, because no one wants to know. But experiences have the deepest impact when they happen to you, but they only happen to you if you are willing to depart from the security of your daily routine, your planned holiday, or your safe job. So often it is nerve wracking. It is certainly emotionally unrewarding, as more and more evidence accrues and the only response from the outside world is rejection or mockery. It is fascinatingspooky... scary.... disturbingfrightening worrying. People have used all these adjectives in connection with our work.

Nonetheless, we have continued because the 'Voice' continues to tell us we are right, but in addition, to show us we are right through the medium of the number codes which surround us daily, and which also interleaf with world events. Only this morning, I glanced at the weekly TV guide to see what was offered for today on 'free to air' TV. I had remembered that *Seconds to Disaster* in the coming week had as its subject the *Piper Alpha* oil rig disaster of 6th July 1988. In the TV guide, a 'typo' helpfully gives 6th July 1998, but then I was struck by the G-code for auto-programming of video cassette recorders. The code for the *Piper Alpha* programme was 470557. Last week's disaster was the wreck of the *Sunset Limited* on 22nd September 1993 in Alabama - 22.9.93. On the day of the disaster, 226 men were reported to be on *Piper Alpha* and 167 died. 226 and 557 are two key code numbers to be found in this book. How, why and when they arose will gradually become clear to the reader.

6th July 1988 was notable because it was the night of two disasters, for it was the night that a chemical delivery driver poisoned the waters at Camelford when he dumped his load into a treated water reservoir instead of into a chemical storage tank. It was very much a night of the two elements, fire and water. But that theme is very much part of Volume 3 of Mary's story *A Question of Survival*.

Piper Alpha came six months before Lockerbie, but the first number coded disaster came a year before *Piper Alpha*, with the loss of the *Herald of Free Enterprise* in Zeebrugge Harbour. Like so much in my life, it was a railway connection that was important.

But long before the Codes came my realisation that my scientific background was inadequate to explain the whole of reality. My journey of discovery began with death.

This book begins with our experiences of what we initially called the Prophecy Codes. Through these was developed the idea of a Source of Intelligence with a precise knowledge of the future. The next section of the book develops the theme

of destiny which seems to have come more and more to the forefront in our time in New Zealand.

Then follows an account of our experiences in choirs. This section develops the idea of direct voice communication and inspiration from an external source. Again there is strong evidence of external design. Part V was the next section in the story, a series of chapters not connected to each other, but each an important element in the overall picture.

Then comes the Easter section, most of the events occurring in 2004. After this comes a section on life after death. This is evidence obtained from other sources which corroborate Mary's warnings. This evidence derives from my own personal life; I was much saddened at the inescapable conclusions. These are the events surrounding the deaths of two of the most influential people in my life - my father and my mother - and the psychic experiences and meaningful coincidences that happened at those times. I would, in many ways, have preferred it not to have been as it was, but this is the evidence. I cannot change it, nor am I willing to suppress it.

Part VII explains how this book came about in the first place. It began life as an end section attached to the Mary's story, adding authenticating evidence, in particular, the many events in our lives here, relating to the theme of Easter.

Part IX weaves more coincidences in my professional life in wastewater treatment, but the message always came back to its being a further confirmation of the truth of Mary's story

Part X examines the many curious parallels between the real Alpha and Omega Codes and *The Da Vinci Code*. Both are concerned with the 'true story of Mary Magdalen'. But only one is true. The many cross connections are suggestive of inspiration in many aspects of *The Da Vinci Code*, if not in its main thesis.

The final sections of the book recount more examples of inspiration and prophecy which occurred during October 2004, and some more from October 2005, which related specifically to the actual production of this book.

At various points through footnotes have been added to illustrate the synchronous nature of inspiration and contemporaneous interaction.

5.35pm 8th November 2005

Revised 22.29 14th November 2005

3. God or Coincidence

In Volume I of *The Enigmas of Easter*, the spirit of Mary Magdalene was able to link into the mind of my wife, Jenny and thus give voice to her own experiences, two millennia ago, beside the Sea of Galilee. Her message, telling of her life with the man we know as Christ, has some familiar elements but, especially towards the end of her story, her message becomes quite stark, diverging sharply from the doctrines which the mainstream Christian churches have promulgated, particularly since the Council of Nicea in AD325.

Mary first told us her story over a few weeks in April 1986. Since then, many things have happened in our personal lives, one of the most important being the development of meaningful coincidence as a means of authenticating psychic information and also as a form of guidance with difficult decisions in our personal lives. Meaningful coincidence is quite fashionable now. Various New Age books talk of it glibly, usually preferring the term 'Synchronicity' as coined by C.G. Jung. *The Celestine Prophecies* is probably one of the main culprits in terms of conveying misleading ideas about meaningful coincidence. It is purely a work of fiction, unlike our own experiences. *The Celestine Prophecies* sets out to convey a comfortable world view of helpful people and interconnectedness and the gradual rising of spirituality. Perhaps it might be nice if this were reality, but it is wishful thinking.

The real world is not how the New Agers would like it to be, nor is it becoming more so in any shape or form. Parables are all very well, but they are intended to convey truths, at least in the *Bible*, if not in *The Celestine Prophecies*. Over the past sixteen years, we have experienced very many thought-provoking meaningful coincidences. There is sometimes deep symbolism but the inferences are clear. We do not need to create cosy stories of synchronicity to give comfort and encouragement to supposed strivers who seek spirituality at little cost to their materially satisfied lives - a bit of icing on the cake, as it were. Ours are real stories which offer little comfort, I suspect, to most people in today's consumer societies. Perhaps that is one reason we have had little success in trying to interest people in our message. We are not offering a 'must have' add-on to a materially comfortable and self-satisfied life, not a spiritual mobile phone which can be traded up on a whim.

Our books warn. We did not need to orchestrate meaningful coincidences. They were orchestrated elsewhere, by Another. They are certainly naught for your comfort. However, over the past eighteen years, meaningful coincidences have built a coherent picture of an external Source of Intelligence, beyond our understanding of Space and Time. This Source of Intelligence knows the future more precisely than we know the past, misled as we are all too often by the professional liars who surround us in all walks of life, most of whom have their own ulterior motives for their altered versions of 'truth'.

Today is the 60th anniversary of the D-Day landings. The *Daily Telegraph* crosswords constitute a clear case of inspiration whereby the Source of Intelligence, knowing precisely what was to come, chose to put the code words for the landings

into the head of Leonard Dawe, the compiler of the *Daily Telegraph* crosswords. The first of the codes appeared on 2nd May 1944, others in subsequent weeks, culminating with two in the same paper on the Saturday before D-Day.

Of course the skeptics will explain it all away. Leonard Dawe was a teacher and some of his pupils had sisters who were dating GIs. How simplistic can you get? How often is the ordinary foot soldier taken into the confidence of the High Command? It was one of the most secret operations in military history. A great campaign of misinformation had been set in train to give the Germans the idea that the invasion was to be the Pas de Calais rather than Normandy. The powers-that-be are likely to have told the average GI the truth, are they not? But the, skeptics will pick up any crumb rather than consider the truth - that they are hopelessly wrong. There IS more than the material world. There IS a God.

Mary warns in Volume I. Now this books sets out, from a totally different direction, to show that meaningful coincidence is not chance, but evidence of orchestrated communication from some higher Source of Intelligence. Nor do I mean 'our higher selves'. I see little in most people to consider such a concept valid. Gradually these meaningful coincidences have built up firm evidence of coherent communication, but gradually there has been an increasing emphasis on Easter. Also, there has been an emphasis on a great balance, the Last Judgement. The meaningful coincidences rose to a crescendo for Easter 2004. It has taken the meaningful coincidences eighteen years of our lives to build up a fully coherent picture but that picture now is identical to the final message which Mary gave to us, and indeed to the world, in April 1986.

We have tried to put across this message since then without success. But there are too many counterfeits, both old age and New Age. Judgement is not a popular concept in this world, especially now. The idea of authority is more and more anathema to youth, who have right to whatever they please. Even their elders dislike the idea of being accountable. Thatcher's children reap where they have not sown.

But ultimately, each of us is individually called to account, not at the time of our choosing, but that of Another. The belief system of the individual counts for little, especially if it is hypocritical. What counts is the track record. What has guided the individual, a knowledge of right and wrong, or a plastic conscience aiding a desire to be a go-getter, concerned only with self.

The powerful, symbolic meaningful coincidences which support this message are gradually made plain in this book. At first it was intended to be a few chapters as a final part to authenticate Mary's story in order to submit it for the NZ Society of Authors Ashton Wylie Award, for an unpublished manuscript in the Mind, Body and Spirit genre. But as I put these chapters together, I realised how strongly the Easter theme had evolved around my main work and source of income, the Church of St. Mary and the Great Balance. In the end, I had to abandon this volume because of time constraints. Trying to get five books finished between us was too much. I still had two chapters of forty-four in this book still to write. There was also the proof reading of the whole book. In any case, what chance did it stand? One of the rules of the competition was that the work should 'make people more completely loving'.

To the extent that this book warns, it could be considered to fit with the idea of

'more loving' but 'more completely loving' is simply naïve. Loving at all would be progress in a world where personal gain, unbridled ambition and greed are almost laudable. Ambition all too often amounts to 'get rich, spend and have fun'.. This is the message of the mainstream media, especially TV and magazines. 'You can have it all', at least in the western world, but at what cost?

This book provides the evidence to support the truth of Mary's warnings. It is not the message of the churches, which becomes ever more feeble in both spirit and doctrine, but it is the message of God. There must be very few today who can look at a priest or priestess and imagine, even for a moment, that they could possibly be God's representatives on earth. There are too many weak men and too many pushy women. The message is so PC, so feeble, so concerned with inclusivity. Any concern for right and wrong was cast out of the window long ago. It is all a matter of perspectives. It helps, of course, to be an apologist and to be able to shy away from controversy.

My personal experiences of priests and priestesses, over the last two decades, have not been good ones. Some experiences, described later in this book, illustrate part of the reason why I speak as I do. And the message in this book is certainly not the message of the New Age.

The true message of Easter is Be Prepared! For one day, whether you be high or low, rich or poor, you will be judged.

4.41.44 6th June 2004

D-Day

PART II

The Prophecy Codes

4. In the Beginning was Death

I can date the beginning very precisely. It all began on my birthday, 12th May 1984. I just did not realise it at the time. I was 37. It was a Saturday morning in Gateshead, not far from the banks of the River Tyne. Our telephone rang shortly after nine. My wife's mother was very distressed. Charlie had suffered a heart attack. The ambulance was on its way. My wife, Margaret, was very upset to hear this worrying news of her father. He had had a few chest pains recently but the doctor had diagnosed it as angina and given him some tablets.

A short while after the phone call, Charlie Phillips was on his way to the 'QE' as it was known in Gateshead. Although retired for three years by now, he had spent the last years of his teaching career next door to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital. As Head of English at Beacon Hill School, he had driven past the hospital entrance every day for fifteen years. He always joked he should carry a note around in case he got hit by a bus 'Don't take me to the QE' would be the message. Perhaps it was prophetic!

Within 72 hours, he was dead.....in the 'QE'.

At first the news had seemed good. The heart attack had not been as bad as it might have been. They had managed to stabilise him and he seemed to be recovering quite well. Margaret went to see her father on the Saturday night, but I stayed at home, looking after David who was almost seven and Fiona, only eighteen months old. I had always got on well with Margaret's Dad, so I went up to see him on the Sunday night. What he told me left a vivid impression on me. He recounted how he had looked down on his body. He had seen the emergency team all around him. This nurse was shouting his name - "Come on Charlie!" - But he was 'outside' his body - watching what was happening, like a spectator.

The description, I suppose, fits what many now call a 'near death experience'. But, if it was a brush with death, the grim reaper seemed to have passed close but gone on his way. Charlie seemed in pretty good spirits. The next night, Margaret again went this time, but on her own. Charlie seemed to be quite good but the news was much bleaker regarding the husband of Margaret's mother's closest friend. It was expected that he would probably not survive the night. He was dying of cancer in another Gateshead hospital, Bensham.

Our phone rang at about 3.45 am. I got up to take the call. It was the hospital. Mr Phillips had died. At first I thought it must be some kind of mix up. They had got it wrong. Mr England was the one who was supposed to die. Then I realised that Bensham Hospital did not have our phone number, but the QE did. Charlie had had another heart attack. He was no longer in intensive care and clearly was not being monitored. A nurse on the rounds had found him dead.

I went to wake Margaret to tell her the news. She was devastated. She had always been close to her father. We woke a friend across the road to look after David and Fiona and drove up to the 'QE'. It was right enough. There was no

mistake. We looked at her father's body. Margaret put her hand on his cold face and wept. It was so sudden, so unexpected. We drove back home, deciding not to tell her mother until around 8 am. There was no point in waking her at 5 am. After all, nothing would change in those three hours. It was just a coincidence. Mr England did indeed die the same night in Bensham. But was it more than coincidence? That was not something that ever crossed my mind at the time.

Sadly, thereafter my marriage fell apart. One morning in my office, I had felt really depressed. I was Area Operations Manager at Washington Sewage Works, with responsibility for fifty sewage works and pumping stations over an area stretching to the coast at Sunderland and down to Durham City. I rang the Regional Manager, who was the only person I had told of the situation and asked for the afternoon off work. I had nothing particular to do. One problem was that, even in my job, I had nothing particular to do. I had virtually worked myself out of a job over the previous seven years. I was not a 'company person'. I had ideas and but I was not a conformer. Now I had reached the level where competence counts for less than a willingness to do as you are told, to bend without question.

I telephoned a friend whom I knew through buying and selling model railway equipment. I had met Norman through an advertisement he had placed in the Newcastle Evening Chronicle some six months earlier. He told me I seemed low. True, I was, I admitted.

"You'll feel better this afternoon," he assured me.

Laughing inwardly, I said "We'll see."

The news on the model railway scene was singularly un-noteworthy. He had come across nothing recently at all. It was really quite a short call.

That afternoon, for want of something to do, I went to cut the hedge at Margaret's mother's house. I don't even know why I went there. I wonder now whether it was in part a link to the spirit of Margaret's father, perhaps. Anyway, after cutting the hedge for short while, I began to feel much brighter. It was as though, metaphorically, the sun had come out. Yet nothing had changed. It was still a murky October afternoon in Low Fell and I was still stuck with an unfaithful wife. So why did I feel brighter, just as Norman had predicted?

I quickly finished the hedge trimming and drove down to Dunston. Norman answered the door.

This episode marked the beginning of my investigation into Spiritualism. For it transpired that Norman was a Spiritualist medium. That was, it seemed, how he had been able to tell me things which, as a scientist, I knew there was no way he could know. I began to investigate Spiritualism.

Over the intervening month, my job also had gone. The Sewage Treatment section had been reorganised. One level of management was removed, mine. It just happened to be the most senior level of technical management! I was offered a job in Computer Services at Headquarters, evaluating the potential for electronic mail. It was not a prospect that thrilled me. That might seem strange; some may feel I missed my chance. Look at the world of computing today. Yet I have never had any great affinity with computers. In the 1970s, I always had the latest types of programmable calculators, but somehow I did not find that the world of computers suited me. Perhaps it is because computers are far more a power for bad in the world than they are for good!

After three months in Computer Services, I took voluntary severance and left the water industry. I was offered a job in London. It was a new start. I was offered a general management job through my sister's husband. They ran two private colleges in London. One was The London School of Accountancy and the other Holborn Law Tutors. The LSA office was very, very appropriately sited, I can now see, as a reminder of both functions. The LSA office was off Ludgate Hill. I spent a few lunchtimes in St. Paul's Cathedral. The LSA building was actually in Old Bailey, directly opposite the Central Criminal Court. The office I shared was on the fourth floor, looking directly out at the figure of Justice holding the scales.

I put the Gateshead house on the market and moved to a company flat. It was situated in Kings' Road, Chelsea, London. That area of Chelsea just happened to be known as World's End. It is only now, as I look back, that I can see how it all fits together. As you read this book, you will see how a theme of Judgement and the Balance emerges. You will also see how the theme of the World's End gradually emerges.

And that is how my life of 'chance' began. Or is it a life guided by some unseen Hand? Margaret's affair was, in some ways, triggered by her father's death. My discovery of Spiritualism was certainly triggered by the breakdown of my marriage. Norman had never been interested in trains or model railways until about six months before he met me. It surprised me how little he knew about real railways. So, was he somehow caused to take up an interest in model railways to link to me and hence to set my life on a totally different track?

I met my second wife, Jenny, from following up another interest, Ancient Egypt. She advertised Egyptian papyrus paintings for sale from her gallery, Nile, at Hampton Court in Surrey. And it was through Jenny that I was given first the story of Mary Magdalene and then the story of Ankh-sun-pa-Aten. Before she met me, Jenny had never had any mediumistic experiences. Her closest brush with Spiritualism had been a visit to a Spiritualist meeting by her younger brother.

So, is there indeed a guiding Hand, a destiny we each should seek? I do not have absolutely definitive proof. But the circumstantial evidence is now overwhelming. There does seem to be a strong level of coherence and an implication of design. I certainly could not have discovered the paranormal in a more traumatic fashion! I decided to try to keep some kind of notes of my experiences in small notebooks. Was I even caused to begin those at the right time? Book 1 begins on 17th November 1984. It will become clear later in the book why 17th November was to be such an important date in 1988, and especially in 1991. The evidence of 'design' seems just altogether inescapable. It is just too neat, too precise for chance.

12.29 am 22.9.04 Revised 11.17 pm 22.9.04

Endnote

I finished writing the corrections to the first draft of this chapter and checked my watch. It was 11.16.41, i.e. 19 seconds to 11.17 pm on 22nd September 2004 (11.17.54 now). On 17th November 1991, 'by chance' I was asked to stand up in the Church of the Madeleine in Paris and read the Lesson, Mark 13, 24-32, warning of the signs of the End of the World. The main Code for the End of the World is 229. We first understood this in November 1988. This book is called The Alpha and Omega Codes. Notebook 1 began on 11.17.84 - alpha. I read the warning of the end,

omega, on 11.17.91. These two events were separated by seven years. Today's date can be written 22.9.04. It was not precisely 1.17. It was still 19 seconds off. The implication is that the time of the End is close. This last paragraph is yet another indication of the continual 'real time' interaction of inspiration and meaningful coincidence as I work.

5. Trainspotting and The Gospel of Greed

Mary Magdalen first came and told us her story in April 1986. Anksoun pa Aten gave us her story in June 1986. In March 1987 came the first national event which seemed to relate in a curious manner to events in our own lives. And ultimately it was to link back to the warnings Mary gives and the times to come, of which she speaks so strongly.

It was a Friday evening, 6th March 1987. Jenny and I were about to drive down to Newcastle from our home just over the Scottish border, near Eyemouth in Berwickshire. We were on our way to pick up my nine year old son for an access weekend.

As we set off, I noticed the mileage on the speedometer of our car, a 1984 Austin Maestro. The number was 35006. That particular sequence of digits had a meaning for me. It was a kind of code. I didn't think of it, at the time in that way, but that is what I have come to see that it was. I used to be a member of that much-maligned and ridiculed band, a train spotter. Why journalists take such delight in mocking railway enthusiasts is a mystery to me. Why was it really so ridiculous to go to places and write down the numbers of railway engines, note their names and take an interest in the trains they pulled? At least it was a healthier pursuit than that of many of today's youngsters who are more likely to try and throw a brick through a driver's cab window or even derail the train with a heavy object on the line - and that was before the days of the ubiquitous terrorists.

And why is a keen interest in railways so much to be ridiculed when an ability to knock a one inch ball a quarter of a mile into a hole you can hardly see is considered a socially desirable skill and a way to get on with 'people who matter'? As things have turned out, being a railway enthusiast has been infinitely more useful as train numbers have been key indicators in my Codes of Destiny. It is as though the Ian Allen ABC was a kind of 'Code Book'. I discuss more of how this came about in The Enigma Variations.

35006 was the number of an engine which ran on the Southern Region of British Railways. This area ran from Kent to Bournemouth and also included the route through Exeter to North Cornwall, that of the well-known Atlantic Coast Express. When I saw the number I immediately had an image of a big, dark green Bulleid Pacific with its funny 'boxpox' driving wheels. These engines had been built during the War, in contravention of the austerity regulations which forbade new express locomotives. They had many novel features and air-smoothed casings. Some of the features were less than successful and they were rebuilt from 1958 onwards as more conventional Pacifics. It was in that latter form I had known them. As I had lived in Manchester, on the London Midland region, I never became familiar with the names of the Southern classes, so I just registered on that day in 1987 that it was a 'Merchant Navy Class' of locomotive and made a mental note to look it up when we got home.

We picked up my son on Tyneside and stopped for a meal on the way home. He was always keen to see us and chattered away twenty to the dozen. A little

while after arriving home, we put on the 9 o'clock news to find that there had been a major shipping accident. A Channel ferry had sunk in Zeebrugge Harbour. It was the Townsend Thoresen, Herald of Free Enterprise. It was feared that hundreds of people might have drowned, yet the ship had hardly left the harbour! Townsend Thoresen was a division of P&O Lines, we were told. When I heard the name P&O Lines, a bell rang somewhere in my head. "The 'Merchant Navies' - what number was P&O Lines? And what was 35006, the number I had noticed on my speedometer that afternoon?" I went to find one of my trusty old Ian Allen ABCs. 35006 had carried the name Peninsula and Orient Steam Navigation Company, the original company which was to become P&O Lines.

It was an odd coincidence. There could be no earthly connection between the number on the speedometer of my car at about 3pm on 6th March 1987 and a ferry sinking in Zeebrugge Harbour at about 7 pm. Yet it was a very striking coincidence. Even the name of the ferry was most significant. It was The Herald of Free Enterprise. I saw it as an omen, that 'free enterprise' brings instability, disaster and death.

Britain was then in its third year of Margaret Thatcher's new way, her privatisation of state controlled enterprises, selling off initially the most attractive parts of the state's commercial operations. One of the most successful privatisations had been one of the earliest, British Telecom, in 1984. With enormous profits and no competition, it was a clear winner with business. British Gas followed soon after. Thatcher's purported aim was to make share-owning widespread in Britain, as council house sales had widened home ownership. The thinking was that this would create more 'conservative voters' since council tenants voted Labour.

But what Thatcher has done is to destroy the mixed British economy and replace it with the free market rule, all-American model. I had spent my working life in a quasi-local government industry, the water industry - working in sewage treatment. The more I saw of Thatcher's privatisations, the less I liked it. Many came to call it, quite rightly, the Gospel of Greed. It became ever more apparent as privatisations continued, with the water industry in 1989 and British Rail in 1995. Many well-connected people became very rich. The consequences for the country as a whole were less positive. Over the last decade, the drive for privatisation has enveloped the globe, with rich pickings for large companies, especially in third world countries. Now IMF and European loans are tied to privatisation requirements in the particular country. It is part of the insidious evil which this gospel represents, that the net effect is that the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, increasing very much the social divisions and the discontent within societies. This has been very apparent in the two countries in which I have lived during this period, Britain and New Zealand.

Rather curiously, it was some while later that I realised that my interpretation of the 'omen' aspect of the Herald of Free Enterprise disaster was probably correct, again from my train numbers. I came across a photograph one day of an ex-Great Central 4-4-0 called Zeebrugge - its number was 62666, a key number for the End Times, according to the Book of Revelation (Rev. 13.6). 666 was to recur several times as I came to understand the Enigma Codes of Destiny. The downfall of the High Priestess herself had the number very clearly.

6. 557 - Beyond Space and Time

557 is a number which has, since December 1988, continually cross-linked our research. Again through railways, it even links to New Zealand where we have lived now for almost ten years. In the week's leading up to Easter 2004, it was a vital element in the strong final confirmation of the authenticity of Mary's story and hence of the validity of her warnings of the future for each and every one of us.

It all began with a phone call one December morning in 1988. This was to set in motion a remarkable train of events. Of itself, the call was nothing out of the ordinary. A month or so earlier, whilst paying for petrol at a Scottish Borders garage at St. Boswells, I had casually enquired whether there were any used low-mileage Montego estate cars for sale as he was the British Leyland agent. There were none, but the manager took the opportunity to make a note of my name and telephone number. It was as a result of that enquiry that our telephone rang on Friday, 2nd December. The manager was able to offer me a low-mileage Montego estate. In fact, I had a choice of two.

I went across to look at the car on 3rd December with a friend. Jenny felt the whole business was rather a waste of time as we couldn't afford to buy a car anyway. But something had made me ask about a car. So, on Saturday, 10th December, Jenny and I drove across the ten miles or so to St.. Boswells to look at the car. I lifted the bonnet to see the engine layout, etc. Jenny asked me why it had the number 557 chalked on the top of the engine. It was on the end of the rocker cover. I told her that it was probably to tell the assemblers which chassis the engine was destined for. Sure enough, the chassis number ended with 557. Jenny commented that this was a curious coincidence since she happened to notice our trip mileage indicator was 55.7 when we arrived.

Over the past four years, we had come to understand a lot about meaningful coincidences in the course of our research. Coincidence seemed to link into both psychic and religious experience. So, we both felt that, for some reason, the number 557 was being drawn to our attention. Nor was it the first time that apparent 'code numbers' had come up. But the number itself meant nothing to either of us. It had no 'railway' meaning, unlike 35006. In any case, most named railway engines were either four or five digit numbers.

We took the car for a test drive and went into nearby Melrose. As we drove along the bypass, Jenny noticed the old railway station had signs outside. The new bypass had been built on the track-bed of the old North British Railway Waverley route from Carlisle to Edinburgh, and so the station platform now fronted the bypass. She suggested we drove round to have a look at it. So, here we were, once again back with railways!

The station seemed to have been restored. We went into the restaurant and ordered two coffees. As we waited, I wandered around looking at the pictures of the station restoration on the walls. There was a picture of a Thompson B1 thundering through Melrose Station. Then I noticed the picture above our table, taken 3 years or so earlier, had a blue Mini parked close up in the foreground. Its

registration number was TSG 557V. It was this very same number.

So, we go to look at a car of the precise type I had specified. It arrives with the number 557 chalked on its engine. We stop at a railway station to find an old photograph with the same number displayed. Was Something trying to tell us something? The question was - What? We really had no idea what the number could possibly mean.

Did it link to model railways? One of the old station waiting rooms now housed a large model railway exhibition. The other, larger, room was empty. It was now an art gallery. Over a few days, Jenny and I tossed around ideas. Should we try to repeat one of our Egyptian Art exhibitions in the empty station art gallery?

The following week, we again visited Melrose Station and arranged to mount an exhibition of our high quality Egyptian papyrus paintings. In that, there was a strong thread of coincidence. Melrose Station is on the old 'Waverley' route to Edinburgh. The last time our paintings had been on exhibition had been during the Gold of the Pharaohs exhibition in Edinburgh. We had had a temporary shop in Waverley market, and our telephone number had been on the 557 exchange (to use pre-BT terminology) 031-557-2667.

But 557 was to link not only to our Egyptian art exhibitions, it was to link even more strongly to an event which would echo round the world for years. Still, today even, sixteen years later, the wrangling still continues.

On 21st December, we opened our exhibition of Egyptian art. Our paintings covered a very wide range. There were pictures of Akhenaten and Nefertiti, Ankh-sun-pa-Aten and Tutankhamun, scenes from artefacts in Tutankhamun's tomb, paintings from the Tombs of the Nobles and scenes from the Books of the Dead. But visitors were few in this relatively isolated location and we sold very little. In fact, we sold only one thing.

I had to travel over to Berwick that afternoon and left Jenny to look after the exhibition. I returned about 5.15 pm and we closed the exhibition, intending to drive directly home. For some reason, I took a wrong turning which was unusual for I knew the roads well. Jenny suggested we might as well carry on and do the Christmas supermarket shopping in Kelso, our local town, as that was the road we were then on.

Having arrived in the supermarket car park, I switched off the lights. Suddenly I realised that all I could see in the darkness was the clock which had become much brighter as I switched off the lights. All you could see in the darkness were three bright green numbers on the clock - 5:57. What on earth did this number mean?

When we arrived home, high up in the Cheviot hills, a little over an hour later, it was wild - wilder than we had ever known. Jenny could hardly open the car door because of the fierceness of the wind.

Shortly after 8 pm, I felt I should put on the TV teletext to look at the news index. An item had just flashed up about a plane crash in Scotland. We immediately thought it to be just another low flying RAF plane that had gone too low. We suffered a lot in the hills there from being used as mock targets. They had to practise their low flying somewhere, it was said. We hated the air force. As we watched, the item changed and it became apparent that it was an airliner that had crashed.

As a result of our experiences over the Armenian earthquake, Jenny went to get the atlas to look where Lockerbie was. She looked at the coordinates. She could

hardly believe her eyes - 55°7'N, 3°21'W! She was absolutely staggered. "Look at this!" She was quite excited. "55°7'N!" So that was what the 557 meant. But why had it been necessary to emphasise it so strongly?

The last occasion the number had been brought to our attention had been less than an hour before the aircraft was destroyed. Did Something know precisely what was to happen at Lockerbie, even on 2nd December when we were first offered the '557' car - or on the 10th when we had the first juxtaposition of two '557' numbers together?

Of course, you could go back further. The car was probably assembled around December 1987 and registered in January 1988. The chalked number had been left on that car, but not on the second Montego estate car that had arrived at the St. Boswells garage. And what about the '557' Mini in the picture from some three years before? Was there indeed, somewhere, some detailed knowledge of the future?

So, now we understood why the number 557 had been brought to our attention. We later discovered, in the course of our research at Lockerbie library that, on a large scale map, 55°7'N goes directly through Sherwood Crescent where the main part of the plane came down. The most powerful computer in the world could not have calculated with that level of precision where PA103 would have come down, even if the data for fluctuating wind speed and direction had been known, and the breakup pattern of the aircraft calculable. Wreckage of the aircraft was scattered virtually from the Solway Firth to the North Sea. PA103 had hit the ground almost exactly at the moment we had arrived home and experienced the strength of that wind. The nearby earthquake monitoring station at Eskdalemuir had registered an impact at 7.03 pm.

On 22nd December, we eventually discovered from watching television news items that the aircraft involved was Clipper Maid of the Seas. On one visit David had to London, we went over to Heathrow for a day. To make it more interesting, I bought an Ian Allen ABC of aircraft registrations. So, having found the name of the crashed aircraft, I was able to look up its registration number.

What struck me next seemed even more incredible. The chassis number of the '557' car began with these same three numbers - 739. But they were not in a continuous string, to use computer terminology. They were separated by two letters - AM. Yet AM is the second name of the airline. So the first five figures of the car chassis number - 7AM39 - are the fleet number of the aircraft destroyed at Lockerbie 55°7'N and the name of the airline which owned it.

So, in the whole chassis number code - 7AM396557, there was only one digit, the 6, which was not part of the disaster. It seemed uncanny - spooky, as some people have called it.

It was not until July 1989 that we realised that there were no superfluous digits at all in the chassis code. Even the '6' had a meaning. It was around American Independence Day that I read an article referring to the first anniversary of the American warship USS Vincennes shooting down an Iranian civil airliner. The Iran Air airbus was Flight IA655 and it had been shot down on 3rd July 1988.

So, now I could see that 7AM396557 had also 655 in it. Not only did it have the coordinates of which aircraft and airline would crash at Lockerbie, but also the reason why. But, as the TV sales people proclaim with such excitement in their

voices, there's more. The USS Vincennes shot down IA655 on 3rd July 1988. In standard US dating, that would be written 7.03.88. Pan Am 103 hit the ground at 7.03 pm. Incidentally, the liveries of the two aircraft have a striking similarity, differing only in the tail logo - globe or bird, and of course the American flag.

Can that all be chance? Or was it an indication that there is indeed some orchestrator of meaningful coincidence choosing to show that it knows what is to come with a precision that man can barely comprehend, yet alone approach? Later, I discovered that Clipper Maid of the Seas had started life as Clipper Morning Light - 7AM? So, are these coincidences really meaningful?

Of course, you could always fall back on the skeptics 'explanation' for everything. It is all chance. Their great problem is that their religious belief system, scientism, precludes any other explanation. No mathematical theories can address something which lies beyond what we call space and time. They cannot be applied to some greater reality beyond. This is one reason for the vitriolic attacks by skeptics on any evidence adduced from either personal religious experience or psychical research. By their nature, such experiences are not repeatable. They can therefore be dismissed as, at best anecdotal, at worst fraudulent. In either case, they are not worthy of further attention. But the limitations of conventional science are precisely that. Its limitations should not prevent man using his mind and his logic in seeking to learn what lies beyond the reach of conventional science. The skeptics say there is nothing. Their lives are all the poorer for that. Why do they exhibit such messianic zeal in trying to convince others that there is nothing but the sad, empty world of materialism in which too many attempt to live today?

I did not realise in 1989 what an absolute disgrace was the behaviour of the Americans over the shooting down of IA655. I only discovered this when I chanced upon a copy of Newsweek magazine in July 1992. Where was I working at the time? In the heart of the American empire, of course. I had been employed to run the sewage works for the Ministry of Defence at RAF Chicksands. It was called RAF Chicksands so the British could be conned, as they are over so many dealings with America. There was one RAF officer and 3000 Americans. But Chicksands Air Force Base would be telling the British too much of the truth as to who really pulls the strings in Britain. But maybe with Iraq, more people may wonder.

The Newsweek article was in the base bookstore. You have to pay for everything in US dollars, of course. You would never imagine you were in Britain. It was a long article to mark the 3rd anniversary of the shooting down of Iran Air 655 by the Vincennes. The cover story was entitled *Sea of Lies*, a reference to the dishonesty shown by both the Pentagon and the White House after the catastrophic act of incompetence by the crew of the Vincennes.

To use a related metaphor, the investigation into the loss of Pan Am 103 could perhaps be referred to as *Maid of the Seas of lies*. So many things have happened over the years, so many strange 'coincidences', that indicate to us that, despite whatever so-called 'evidence' was produced at the Scottish inquest and the Netherlands trial, there was no bomb. The two accused Libyans were completely innocent. Their crime was to be Libyans. But the British and American governments have been determined that their version of the 'truth' shall prevail. Now the one convicted will rot in a Scottish prison for a crime he did not commit.

N739PA was a geriatric plane that had been modified by the Pentagon for use

in the Strategic Reserve. It merely suffered from massive structural failure. The blame for the disaster can be placed entirely on American shoulders - the Pentagon and Pan Am. But there is a natural justice in the fall of Pan Am 103 - hence the references in the chassis number Prophecy Code.

It fell because of American incompetence - as did Iran Air 655. More details of our Lockerbie experience will be found in *The Enigma Variations*. The full story of Lockerbie and all the strange coincidences surrounding that disaster, which point to the real truth, will be published in another book - *The Jupiter Theme*.

What is even more remarkable and is very hard to explain is that the significant chassis number should come not just on any car at random. The coming together of all those numbers relating to the Lockerbie disaster in one chassis number is remarkable enough. What increases the likelihood that it was not random chance is that it should have been brought to my attention ten days before the crash and on a not particularly common vehicle. I had specified not only the make, Austin Montego, common enough then, but also an estate version, less common, and a 2 litre engine, less common again. The only thing I had not specified was the colour, which turned out to be pale blue and this colour was that of the only car I had ever badly damaged in a crash, in January 1985. That was a very similar car too, a Cavalier estate. So, even the colour of the vehicle and its type had an association with a crash.

Since the disaster happened just before Christmas, should we not ponder on the existence of God? Should we not wonder about these coincidences? Could they not possibly be a warning that science does not have all the answers? Is mankind really the most precise and powerful force upon the earth?

After all, Christmas is a time when people in a nominally Christian country supposedly celebrate the birth of the Son of God, who was sent to help men understand about god. Most Christians would claim He came to save them from their sins. In the remote Scottish Borders, there are very few towns, yet PA103 came down on one. Does the little town of Lockerbie parody the little town of Bethlehem and the Christmas myths of Christians? Was it just statistical bad luck it should happen there at Christmas? This particular view was expressed by no less a person than a principal member of the Royal House of Windsor - Prince Andrew.

Not only did the main fuselage of Clipper Maid of the Seas come down on the town, but the cockpit came down almost in a churchyard. The cockpit was pointing to the little country church at Tundergarth, barely 100 yards away, as though perhaps indicating that the event was linked to God. Furthermore, it is the pilot who takes a plane where it is to go. Is there an intended irony in that the pilot was facing the church, having piloted his charges to God's final Judgement? He was overtaken by a disaster far greater than man could control, and yet he could be considered to be giving, even in death, a pointer.

Perhaps to give us an indication of the unlikely nature of finding such a significant chassis number, 'by coincidence', Jenny was offered a temporary job at a local garage setting up a servicing database for the VW agent in December 1989. Despite putting in two to three thousand entries over three weeks, each relating to a different local car, she never came across a single one with a significant sequence, certainly none with any reference to the Lockerbie event, and none ending in 557. She was, of course, looking out for such a number at that time, given our Lockerbie

experiences.

It was a couple of months later, over the weekend of 11th September to 14th September 1992 (9-11-92 to 9-14-92), that the 'coincidence codes' gave me 'Lockerbie comes to America!' And this was in the centre of RAF Chicksands, the spy base whose mission was to warn America of all threats to its security. Nine years later, to the day, the crater of Sherwood Crescent had been transplanted to Manhattan, just as the Codes had warned.

So, this is the genesis of 557. It was far away the most powerful set of interlinked Codes we had ever encountered. It gave a new dimension to our research. Prior to this, our attention had been drawn to Ancient Egypt and to the question of life after death. Now there was clear evidence of prophecy in the orchestration of coincidences.

Incidentally, the one item we sold at the exhibition on the 21st December was sold as 12.21 pm. There is an entry in my notebook. And what was that one item that we sold? It was a screen printed 'Eye of Ra'. Ra, or Aten-Ra, was Akhenaten's name for God. Was it indeed the Lockerbie air disaster that the Eye of Ra had seen so clearly through the mists of time?

25/9/04 10.39 pm

7. The Seventh Sign - Part I

Although '557' was the first highly specific coded reference to a future event, it was not the first number that had been brought to our attention as having a very specific meaning. That number was 229 and it had been forcibly brought to our attention little more than a week before we were offered the Lockerbie Montego estate car.

A few weeks earlier, I had watched Barry Norman's Film 88 on BBC TV. One film he reviewed was *The Seventh Sign*. Barry Norman was not impressed, but words came into my mind that the film was important and that we should see it.

We were in Carlisle and walked up to the town centre to have a look around when we came upon a small cinema. The film that was showing was *The Seventh Sign*. Well, here was an ideal opportunity to do as we had been advised. Our home in the hills was not near any cinema. To visit the cinema meant a trip to Berwick, Newcastle, Carlisle or Edinburgh. There were two showings of that film, one beginning shortly and the other around 8 pm. We decided on the later screening as that would allow us a brief look around the centre of Carlisle. It turned out that the 8 pm screening was the last showing of the film. Its run ended that night. Maybe that is significant. After all, we live in the Last Days and we are approaching the Last Reel!

The film's title derives from the opening of the Seven Seals of the Book of Revelation and the signs which are given in the Book of Joel of the great day of the Wrath of God. It is one of Demi Moore's earliest films. It was not a box office success. Perhaps it was too intellectual, like *Enigma* - not enough bombs, virtually no violence, and no sex. What were they thinking of? She got the role doubtless because it called for an attractive pregnant actress and she fitted the bill perfectly. Reviews of Demi Moore's career rarely mention *The Seventh Sign*, but it is probably her most significant film. What is more, her real life was strangely interwoven with the film's plot.

The crux of the plot is one of meaningful coincidence, revolving around a mysterious stranger. The stranger is shown opening seals in several locations around the world - Haiti, the Negev Desert - in the opening sequences. Strange phenomena follow - dead fish and ice (hailstones?) in the desert. Then the scene cuts to California, Demi Moore (Abby) and her lawyer husband. The mysterious stranger turns up at her house as an answer to an advertisement (an ad again!!!) For a lodger.

In time, the stranger's behaviour intrigues her. She investigates his papers and discovers something written in Hebrew script. All that she can read is 2-29. And she knows that her baby is due on 29th February, 2-29 in standard US dating. She manages to find a young Jewish student who can read the coded script and tell her it's nothing to do with her baby - it's just Joel 2-29. But that is only part of it. The rest is in the Book of Revelation - not his part of the Bible, he reminds her.

The remainder of the film revolves around identifying the signs that have passed and the ones to come. Of course, her lawyer husband happens to be

involved with the next sign. His client is to die.....

The film is spoiled by a typical Hollywood ending - Abby dies to save the world 'because she has so much love' - a thinly veiled link back to her as the Second Coming, being a parallel to Christ dying for the sins of man. Now God gives man another chance. On several occasions there are flashbacks which imply that Demi Moore is somehow a reincarnation of Mary Magdalene.

We were fascinated but quite amazed to find the plot revolves around coincidence and the number 229. Only eight months earlier, we had linked the number 229 to Egypt, the death of Lord Carnarvon and the Justice of Ra. Akhenaten's name for god was Aten-Ra. Now we were seeing a film where 229 was being linked to the End of the World and the Last Judgement, as described in Revelation, the last book of the New Testament. Was this coincidence of numbers meant to indicate that the God of the New Testament and Akhenaten's God were one and the same?

Although entirely fictional, the film or its screenplay appears to be quite strongly inspired - in contrast to most of Hollywood's output which suffers more from a dearth of inspiration. Why else are there so many inferior re-makes? There are many elements in *The Seventh Sign* which relate to the real world, the times in which we live. Just as, although Morgan Robertson's novel *Futility* had many elements of the Titanic disaster, it wasn't an exact description of what was to come. In like manner, *The Seventh Sign* has many elements of what is to come. The script writers must have been inspired. How did they come to choose the number 229? It turns out to be a key number in the Enigma Codes of Destiny, for it appears to be the key code for the End of the World.

Several events were to occur linking 229 into the physical world of space and time in the next few years. The first was less than two hours after we left the cinema, whilst looking up the biblical references in the study in our Scottish Borders farmhouse. The End of the World is also referred to as The Great Day of His Wrath in Revelation 6.17. This particular verse, Revelation 6.17 is:

For the great day of his wrath is come and who shall be able to stand?

It just happens to be on page 229 of the Scottish King James version of the Bible. We lived in Scotland at the time. The English editions of the King James Bible have a totally different pagination. And that is the verse, Revelation 6.17, which John Martin, the visionary Victorian painter, chose to illustrate with so much power in his 1851 painting *The Great Day of His Wrath*.

The signs of the End of the World are to be found in Joel 2.27 -2.32 and in the Book of Revelation.

8. The Seventh Sign - Part II

Three weeks after '*The Seventh Sign*' experience came the dramatic developments of the Lockerbie air disaster. Then, just over two weeks later came the M1 air disaster. Our work in connection with these disasters occupied us for quite a few months as is explained in more detail in other books. Then, in June 1989, we were told that we would have to leave our rented farmhouse in the Berwickshire hills. We spent many weeks trying in vain to find somewhere to rent. We tried locally, we tried in Perthshire, around Inverness, and also in North Wales. It was all to no avail, so we were left with no option but to move into Jenny's former marital home, her cottage in Epsom, Surrey. The cottage was still empty and still on the market in a legally protracted divorce action. It was not where I would have chosen to live, but it became clear that we were meant to have moved there. Soon, the next elements in what appeared to be our programmed learning experience of the Codes of Destiny began. We had gone from the winter solstice to the autumn equinox.

The uncanny connections with *The Seventh Sign* continued when next we encountered the film. We kept an eye on the video shops for its release on video. We managed to get hold of some advertising video covers at a video shop in Worcester Park, Surrey, not far from where we lived in Epsom. I was staggered when I turned over the cover to find the date of the video release. It was 12th May 1989 - my birthday. Incidentally, it was also the 52nd anniversary of the Coronation of 1937, when Edward VIII should have been crowned King of England, but his brother was crowned King George VI in his stead after Edward VIII abdicated in December, 1936. I was later to find a very rare edition of a King Edward VIII bible in Auckland in March 1995, in a charity shop. It just happened to be the Scottish version of the King James Authorised Version of the Bible which has a particular significance to this film, as noted earlier

It was just another little coincidence, but was it really just chance? The next coincidence really set me wondering. We tried to hire the video from our local video shop in Epsom. There were a lot fewer video shops around then. It was just before the advent of the big American chains. The owner of our local shop told us he had only bought one cope as he did not expect it to be popular. The film had not done well. His one copy had been out on hire and had been damaged. It would not be replaced.

Somewhat mystified at this apparent block, I left it. A little while later, on our way back from a drama club meeting, we noticed a video shop in Stoneleigh Park. Our attention was drawn to it by the bright lights. It was the only shop still open as it was 10 pm. I stopped the car across the road from the shop and walked over. The door was locked. The shop had just closed.

But I knocked on the window and spoke to the assistant through the glass. They did have a copy of the film for hire.

The next day we went back to join the video club and borrow the film. We were delayed and didn't get there until around 4 pm. The computer allocated me the

next available membership number. I thought, at first, it was a joke when he gave me my new membership card. I could hardly believe the number. It was 2297!

I quickly realised they could not possibly be playing a joke on me. The people in the shop would not have been aware that the (thought re subtitle - 2.38 pm) film revolved around the coincidence of 229. But the membership number had an even higher order of coherence. The final digit was a 7. The other key number of the film was 7, the Seven Seals of the Seven Angels of the Book of Revelation.

So that particular membership number was almost incredible beyond belief. How could it all just be chance? I asked how they came to allocate the numbers. The shop assistant told me that they had missed a batch of numbers out and had recently gone back to fill it. My number was one of those 'fill in' numbers. So, can it really all be chance? Or is it the hand of a designer? I long ago came to the conclusion that it must be the latter.

The plot of the film revolves around the coincidences of 229 and its title was *The Seventh Sign* and it is concerned with the Seven Seals, the Seven Angels and the Seven Spirits of God.¹

Whilst editing this chapter on 22nd October 2005, as I read the footnote below, something made me remember that there was a programme *Spooks* on television a little later that night. I went up to the house to check the time and Jenny said "Did you know that Joel starts on page 842? I've just been checking the Bible references in 'Mary'." I was very surprised at this as 842 became a key code in connection with Mohamed Atta. What is more surprising is that just before I went into the kitchen I noticed the power meter. It was 32422.8 kWh and progressing rapidly to 32422.9. This was quite amazing as both codes 228 and 229 are very significant in *The Seventh Sign* which is based on the *Book of Joel* and this chapter is all about our second encounter with *The Seventh Sign*. We had both been independently linked, working on *The Seventh Sign* elements at the same time as the power meter came to this key number. Even 324 is significant, as 3-24-05 was Maundy Thursday this year. It was strange that I had gone up only to check on *Spooks* from seeing the 22-9-89 date in the footnote. The further coincidences that transpired when I put on the television for *Spooks* resulted in one of the final chapters of this book *Eve of Destruction*.

¹ Tonight, 13th April, 2004, I had been looking at Teletext news on TV3. I changed back to the channel to TV1, the only channel on NZ free to air TV that had hitherto resisted dumbing down with the same tedious American output, or reality TV that dominates channels 2, 3 and a lot of Prime. But times have changed we were told in the New Zealand Herald by the Programme controller from TVNZ. Television has to move with the Times! A programme was just starting. It was obviously American. I had just picked up the remote control to switch it off, when a date came up on the screen. It was September 22, 1989. Intrigued, I watched a little of it. It was 'Cold Cases', a fictional American police series about solving old crimes. I put the video on to record but the date did not crop up again. However, in the first advertising break came the usual promo for a coming programme. Judgement Day was the programme to follow. It was an episode in the British spy series 'Spooks' about a terrorist group calling itself 'Patmos', an obvious reference to St John and the Book of Revelation, Chapter 1, verse 9. We went to Patmos ourselves in 1994, as part of our guided research. It is most curious that the day I decided to incorporate 'The Seventh Sign' experiences into this book, I should be confronted with such a meaningful juxtaposition of coincidences. It is another clear example of the 'on-line authentication' which keeps recurring in my work. Yes, times are changing indeed and that is precisely why the End will come.

9. The Day The Earth Moved

Shortly after the Lockerbie disaster, I came across a reference to a novel *Futility, or The Wreck of the Titan* by an American writer by the name of Morgan Robertson. He wrote it in 1898 and it can only be described as an inspired description of the Titanic disaster 14 years into the future. Every detail was accurate - length, weight, too few lifeboats, supposedly unsinkable, hitting an iceberg in April, even the name, Titan! Is it all just chance, particularly when you look at the alternative title he gave - 'Futility'? It was a novel written to illustrate the arrogance of man and his technological striving - a striving we still see today, but with the stakes so much higher, involving nuclear power. Is there indeed a message in such disasters? This would make sense of the apparent coincidences, if they do indeed indicate some higher intelligence.

The next chapter in the Lockerbie saga opened for me on Tuesday, 17th October 1989. I had been intending to travel to Dartford, but because of an accident, the M25 traffic was almost stationary. I decided to take the next exit and ended up in Sutton, Surrey. I parked the car in a multi-storey car park and walked down the High Street.

At the foot of the High Street, I was suddenly confronted by the display in the window of a travel agent. In the upper half of the window was a large model of a Pan Am jumbo jet and beside it, a lifesize cardboard figure of a Pan Am pilot. This made a very considerable impression on me. I referred earlier to the symbolism of the pilot of PA103, but there is a further element. On Christmas morning, 1988, my wife Jenny, who has psychic ability, had described the pilot of PA103 to me, and what he had said about the flight. She had also had an image of people on the flight. I went back to my car for my camera to photograph the window display. To my surprise, a car had arrived in my absence and parked just ahead of mine. It was F557 FGK. I went over to photograph this with my car behind it and saw, to my amazement, that to the right was WGN 739V, and parked alongside it FWN 103W. I felt that this must be a pointer to imminent dramatic happenings.

I walked back, down the High Street and photographed the window, then went for a cup of tea. On my way back up the High Street, I stumbled on some books on the pavement outside a charity shop. I tend to look at secondhand books whenever I get the chance, and so went into the shop.

Whilst searching through the books, I heard one lady discussing the video film *The Seventh Sign* with her friends. Then she left. I chose some books and went to the counter. I mentioned *The Seventh Sign* to the two ladies there and commented that I felt there were elements of inspiration in it - just as in Morgan Robertson's story, *The Wreck of the Titan*.

To my amazement, one of the ladies said "That book is over there". She went over to the shelf and took it from a part I had not noticed. It was an obscure book published in 1974 by the 7 C's Press in Connecticut. It was the story for which I had been searching. Yet, this book was better than Morgan Robertson's original novel,

for besides including the entire novel, it described the experiences of the real Titanic' and all the related stories of people on the ship.

This confirmed for me that Morgan Robertson's novel was inspired from beyond our understanding of space and time, just like all the coincidences with the chassis number at St. Boswells

We were surprised that after all these very dramatic links nothing appeared to have happened in America that day. But we had forgotten about the time zone difference. The next morning, we got up to the news of the San Francisco earthquake. *The Seventh Sign* is a film about the signs preceding the Apocalypse - God's Final Judgement on mankind. Almost at end of the film, the final sign is an earthquake in California. So even in the discussion in the charity shop, there were pointers to what was to come. I had never heard anyone else discuss that film other than when it was reviewed in November 1988 on television.²

The numbers of Flight PA 103 had been used to give me connections to the San Francisco earthquake, and this occurred at 17.04, local time, which is 1.04 am GMT. Its epicentre was 36 55'N. 704 is one on in the sequence from 703 - one of the Lockerbie codes. There are many other elements connecting with the San Francisco earthquake but these will be described elsewhere. The illustrations show the glass breaking in an office block in the film and the aftermath of the real life earthquake. By 'coincidence', the item shown appeared with the caption LIVE 7.03 EDT SAN FRANCISCO. Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie at 7.03pm. It was as though the Source of Intelligence was confirming that this was indeed the event of which the numbers had been warning on 17th October in Sutton.³

² Sixteen years later, I still have never heard one person refer to that film. It is almost never mentioned in Demi Moore biographies. Perhaps it is a bit like *The Scottish Play*. Shakespeare's play *Macbeth* is never called by name in the theatre. It tends to bring bad luck

³ In another strange coincidence of timing, the TV programme *Catastrophe* this week was the story of this earthquake. It was broadcast on Prime TV on 19th October 2005, very close to the actual anniversary. There was no reference to this fact. The programme pointed out that it was the worst earthquake to strike the USA since the San Francisco earthquake of 1906. This was in part because of decisions made in rebuilding the city after that disaster. 17th October 1984 marked my personal earthquake day. It was the day my old life ended and my new life began. Certainty and security was at an end. 19th October 1984 marked the start of my psychical research career. See *Predestination, abc or A-Z, A Trainspotters guide to Eternity*.

10. 558 – The Temple and The Tomb

With the San Francisco earthquake, 703 seemed to have moved on to 704. Now it was time for the key code to move on. The original prophecy code of 557 progressed to 558 in June 1990, when we visited Egypt. It was during that trip that we made our first ever visit to Tel el Amarna, the site of Akhenaten's city.

On 14th June 1990, Jenny and I took a belated honeymoon in Egypt. We have not been able to afford one before. We were 'led' to Aswan where an incident in connection with the unfinished obelisk led us to an Egyptian who had been at Lockerbie only a day or two after the plane crash. How many Egyptians have even heard of Lockerbie, let alone been there, and particularly in those few days just before Christmas in 1988? This very same man was instrumental in arranging a trip for us to the Great Temple of Ramesses II at Abu Simbel.

I had been glancing in a book about Egyptian monuments and my eye had been drawn to a reference to the sunlight penetrating sixty-five metres from the main door to the inner sanctuary. This occurred twice a year on 21st March and 21st September⁴ at 5.58 am. I commented how curious it was that it should be out by one minute from 5.57 am.⁵ My attention had somehow been drawn to make me notice 558 instead of 557.

A few days later, we travelled to Luxor and ended up staying at the Mina Palace Hotel on the bank of the Nile. The one thing that marred our stay was an empty cruise boat moored nearby with its throbbing air-conditioning destroying the peace of the Egyptian night.

Our stay in Luxor was notable for an unusual visit to Tutankhamun's tomb and a great earthquake in Iran. That was in the papers the night we left for Minya and Akhenaten's city at Tel el Amarna. There we learned much. I gave an interview on Radio Middle Egypt about Akhenaten, his daughter and our psychic experiences. On our last morning, Thursday, 28th June we visited Saqqara, before heading for the airport at Heliopolis. As my watch clicked from 5.57 to 5.58pm, our Boeing 757 took off from Cairo. At that very moment, 2000 miles away in Cirencester, Prince Charles crashed to the ground, shattering his arm in a polo match. It is very much all

⁴ The date quoted differs in other books. Abu Simbel, a more comprehensive work by IES Edwards gives the dates as 23rd February and 23rd October, but he quotes no time. Perhaps it is significant that this particular book in the Aswan shop gave an exact time, particularly when that time was to be so significant in the coming weeks.

⁵ I had found the book which gave me this information in a shop called the Seven Stars Bazaar, on our first evening in Aswan. Less than six months earlier I had found a mint copy of a 1975 paperback edition of Bram Stoker's novel *The Jewel of Seven Stars*. It had many curious links to our experiences with the spirit of Ankh-sun-pa-aten. Many others links to this novel were to come particularly in July 2001. See volume 1 of *Sands of Eternity, Ankh-sun, Daughter of Ra* and volume 2, *Hand of Destiny*

connected.⁶

On Sunday, 1st July, 557 days after the Lockerbie plane crash and long after Lockerbie had disappeared from the headlines, the *Sunday Express* carried a front page headline about a fake bomb taken onto another 747 airliner by Dr. Jim Swire whose daughter died on PA 103.

The very next day, Monday 2nd July, the Mecca tunnel disaster occurred. 1426 pilgrims died in a tunnel connecting the tent city of Mina to Mecca. It was thought to have been caused by a stampede following the failure of an air-conditioning system. 2nd July was 558 days after the Lockerbie plane crash. So, the coded message in the sunrise at Abu Simbel was not out by even one minute. It was absolutely precise when it rose on the shrine at 5.58 am on 23rd October, c.1290 BC. Was it known then by whatever intelligence inspired the builder that this would be a pointer to events 3,100 years into the future? Or is it all just chance?

Many people would prefer to think that it is all chance. But it is not what we prefer that matters. All that really matters is what is true, what is real. The Alpha and Omega Codes give us guidance, so that we can separate the wheat from the chaff. Much of the chaff is put there intentionally by the powers that be in this world to shape our opinions. They would hate us to know how they really behave.

I noticed that both the '557 event' and the '558 event' both occurred fourteen days after huge earthquakes. The Lockerbie crash occurred in a notionally Christian country involving the national airline of another notionally Christian country very close to the main-Christian festival of Christmas. It had followed hard on the heels of the massive earthquake in Christian Armenia. Its epicentre was very close to the spot where Noah's Ark was said to have finally grounded. Could it be a warning? Is God now about to repeat the destruction of mankind? The Mecca disaster occurred at the Feast of the Sacrifice, Eid-el-Adha - the holiest time of the Moslem year. It followed a terrible earthquake in Iran, a Moslem country. Could all this be just a coincidence, or could it be that the Source of Intelligence is God, the same God who inspired both Christ and Mohammed? And is God showing his contempt for the corruptions of the teachings of both of these men, as practiced by their supposed followers today?

21/07/2024 14:01:58

⁶ See *Belshazzar's Feast*.

11. 666 – The High Priestess

It was on 13th January 2004, as I read the paper in Middlemore Hospital, that I remembered about Margaret Thatcher and 666.

The article by Alan Watkins, reprinted from The Independent in Britain was entitled 'Beginning of the End for Tony Blair'. This article traced the decline of various Prime Ministers - Harold Macmillan, Harold Wilson and Margaret Thatcher - from various key points in their terms in office. Watkins' words were 'Margaret Thatcher lost her authority between 1989 and 1990, but certainly well before the time of her demise : it may have been with the resignation of Nigel Lawson, or her declaration that she intended to go on and on.' I would disagree.

The event which finished Margaret Thatcher can be dated precisely. It occurred on 18th October 1990. It was the day of the Eastbourne By-election. The Conservatives lost one of the safest Tory seats in the country. Previously they had had a majority of 20,000 there. But on that day, it was lost to the Liberal Democrats. The loss of this seat sealed her fate. Tory MPs, from the rank-and-file to the grandees, realised they were all vulnerable now. This woman was too unpopular. She had to go. Their necks were all on the line. what relevance does this have to 666, you may well ask?

18th October was 666 days from the Lockerbie plane crash and that disaster is a key event in the Codes of Destiny which we have gradually come to understand. Her partner in the crime of introducing the gospel of global privatisation, Ronald Reagan, also had an interesting connection to 666. This had been revealed a little earlier on New Year's Day 1989 in the Sunday Times. The headline read 'Satan Moves out for Ron and Nancy'. They were moving to 666 St. Cloud Road, Bel Air, Los Angeles. Of course, Nancy, always aware of nuances, had the number changed to 668, but the connection was not changed.

He was due to retire there on 20th January, when George Bush became the 41st President of the United States. Dan Quayle was sworn in as the 44th Vice President. Even on that day, it was clear that the seeds of disaster were being sown, for the codes had already linked 41:44 as the coordinates of disaster in early December 1988 and had linked it with God's last destruction of mankind - Noah's Flood. Of course, it could all be coincidence - or it could be much, much more.

My working life has been spent in wastewater treatment. I was employed by the Northumbrian Water Authority in the sewage treatment field from its foundation in April, 1974 until I took voluntary severance in 1985. It was a quasi-local government authority set up under the Water Act of 1974 one of nine regional water authorities created for England. There was only one for Wales. They took over all the local council assets and functions in respect of water supply and sewage treatment. The various English and Welsh River Authorities also became part of the new Regional Water Authorities, as the monitory and policing arm.

Although the Regional Water Authorities had their faults, they brought tremendous improvements to vast areas of the country. Although some large

councils, such as London, Manchester and Birmingham had been at the forefront of technology and built large reservoirs and modern sewage treatment works, too many councils were penny-pinching, especially with regard to sewage treatment spending. "There's no votes in shit, lad," as one councillor once said to me in the north-east of England.

The size of the Regional Water Authorities, enabled them to employ specialist design engineers, process scientists and trained and experienced plant managers. But from the late 70s and early 80s, the government began to restrict the spending of the RWAs and their making good the legacy of decades of neglect. Then, in 1989, came the new Water Act which privatised the RWAs. They became publicly listed limited companies. The Northumbrian Water Authority became Northumbrian Water plc. The Act verged on the downright corrupt. All the debts of the water authorities were written off. This was necessary to provide a level playing field for greedy speculators. Northumbrian Water had huge debts because of late investment in the large sewage and water schemes of Tyneside and Kielder, of the 1970s. Thames Water had very low debts because its major capital schemes had been undertaken decades earlier. All the assets, paid for over decades by ratepayers and taxpayers, were transferred to private companies who enjoyed the unique position of captive customers, no competition, and a toothless 'watchdog'. The bargain basement sale was a 'triumph for small shareholders' This was political manipulation for ideologies at its worst. Needless to say, the share prices of the Water plcs rocketed, as did the salaries of senior officers. So did the charges to consumers!

Now the water companies are busy buying and selling other companies in Britain and in other countries round the world, keen players in the corrosive Global Economy. In some cases, the English plcs have been bought by even larger overseas conglomerates. Northumbrian Water plc is now a French company, part of Lyonnais des Eaux.

The ever-increasing size of these organisations does not give economies of scale. It merely exerts a dehumanising effect on both organisation and consumer. Even in the old Northumbrian Water Authority, we felt part of Wear Division, one of three divisions of the Water Authority. Now how can one feel anything but a tiny irrelevant cog in a great monolith based in another country?

On 6th July 1988, came the worst disaster to strike the British water industry, when South West Water contractors poisoned a supply reservoir with a truckload of aluminium sulphate used in potable water treatment. It was the very same night as the Piper Alpha oil rig disaster.⁷ The latter grabbed all the headlines, with the spectacular fires and explosions which destroyed the 20,000 ton rig. The poisoning debacle took some while to emerge into the public arena. In a curious twist of destiny, my return to the water industry in 1991 was to take me to the Camelford area, when I was involved with the commissioning of St Breward sewage works

6th July, 1988 also happened to be that very day we moved house, from one rented farmhouse on the Berwickshire coast at Burnmouth to another in the Border

⁷ *Seconds to Disaster* this week was *The Piper Alpha Disaster*, broadcast on 9th November, 2005. It seemed fitting the date was 9-11-05 in British dating. The G-code allocated for the programme recording timeslot was 470557. These events are all part of the Alpha and Omega Codes. One survivor even gave a good example of inspiration. Something told him not to follow the others. He went the opposite way. Minutes later his companions were all killed in a giant fireball as a gas storage pipeline burst in the intense heat. 13th November 2005.

Hills near Morebattle.⁸ We realised later that we had had to be in the right place for the Lockerbie air disaster. For, it was only three days since the first scene in that drama had been played out in the Persian Gulf, but of course, we knew none of this at the time.

By strange coincidence, it was on the exact anniversary of the twin fire and water disasters of Piper Alpha and Camelford, on 6th July 1989, that the new Water Act received the Royal Assent. It seemed an appropriate omen for a poisonous Act that was now being made law. Public utilities should exist for public good not private profit. It is also highly significant that all of the new water plcs were given company registration numbers with the sequence 666 in their registration numbers. Northumbrian Water plc had the number 2366657. Anglian Water plc was 2366656.

These companies typify the drift from public service to profit making which has done so much harm to British society over the past two decades. The great achievements of Victorian and Edwardian public health engineering were driven by councils and men who had a vision of benefit to the community, not private profit. Joseph Bazalgette's trunk sewers under London, the great sewage works of Mogden, Beckton and Crossness for London, Minworth for Birmingham and Davyhulme for Manchester, were built at public expense. Likewise the reservoirs in the Lake District to serve Manchester and in Wales to serve Birmingham, were built using public money for the public good. 23rd April 2004.

You could say that these are just chance coincidences and, at first sight, they could justifiably be dismissed in this way. But these numbers to which I have referred in this opening chapter, are merely the tip of the iceberg, part of an intricate web of cross-connecting events, dates and numbers which, together, make up what we first came to call the Prophecy Codes. The Herald of Free Enterprise, Camelford and Piper Alpha were just the start. The odd coincidences cross linking to our own lives continued through the string of disasters which characterised the last years of Thatcher's reign - the King's Cross fire, the Clapham rail disaster, the Lockerbie and Kegworth air disasters, the Hillsborough football crush. And then, there was the sinking of the Marchioness on the Thames.

The most significant of these disasters, and the one which involved us the most directly in our own lives, was the Lockerbie air disaster. The numbers first associated with that disaster have echoed and re-echoed in our experiences over the seventeen years since that fateful night in the Scottish hill

So, I will try now to explain a little of the Lockerbie codes and then illustrate the progression of our discovery of the Alpha and Omega Codes. .

⁸ It was also the anniversary of the execution of Thomas More in 1535. He was another man who is significant in the Alpha and Omega Codes.

12. 559 - The Gulf War Codes

Whilst buying a copy of the '*Daily Telegraph*' on Monday, 7th January 1991, I noticed that its edition number was 41550. I thought it odd that I had not realised how close it would be to a significant series of numbers during the following week when the UN deadline on Kuwait ran out. When I got home, I realised that the edition number had been a mistake. Monday's paper should have carried the edition number 42156. I thought this must be a coincidence, code and hypothesised that since 559 was the next number in the sequence, the code could point to war breaking out on 17th January.

The next morning, 8th January, as I mused in the bath about it being the second anniversary of the Kegworth plane crash, I suddenly realised that two years is 730 days. So I began calculating where 739 days would come to. To my surprise, I concluded that it would be the same date - 17th January. Even the name, Kegworth, is curious. **Keg** is synonymous with barrel, the standard unit for quoting the value or **worth** of oil?

N739PA was the plane that crashed at Lockerbie, destroying much of Sherwood Crescent. The British Midland plane crashed close to the edge of Sherwood Forest. Suddenly, these events two years in the past appeared to be intimately connected with and being used as predictors for the conflict to come in the Gulf. Was the intelligence indicating that the value of oil was the real reason for the Gulf War and indicating with astonishing precision the coordinates in time, using specific numbers from the Lockerbie and Kegworth disasters?

The following Monday, 15th January, the '*Daily Telegraph*' repeated its 'secret code' edition number mistake, allocating 41556 to that particular edition, so confirming my theory. In May and June 1944, Allied intelligence experts were alarmed when the secret code words for the forthcoming D-day Landings began to appear in the *Daily Telegraph* crossword puzzles. I first came across this strange series of coincidences in the book *The Challenge of Chance* written jointly by Alister Hardy, Arthur Koestler and Robert Harvie. The account is on p201 in the third part of the book in the section written by Arthur Koestler entitled *Anecdotal Cases*.

I found a second copy of this book in the Walthamstow 'Psychic Sense' bookshop on January 16th, 1991, the very day before my Coincidence Codes had predicted that the Gulf War would begin. 16th January was the 558 day using the *Daily Telegraph* edition Number 'code'. The strange thing is that the picture this bookshop used as a logo was a drawing of Nefertari's temple at Abu Simbel which linked so strongly during our June 1990 trip to Egypt to the prediction of the 558 Mecca Tunnel disaster event. What is more an illustration of the same temple is used on the cover of an inspired novel *The Watch Gods*, by Barbara Wood. It is a story based around about the discovery of Akhenaten's tomb. It was on our 558 trip to Egypt that we had visited Akhenaten's city. Jenny found our first copy of that book on 30th June 1988. It is all part of an intricately interconnected whole.

The *Daily Telegraph* crossword codes came about in the following way. On May

2nd, 1944, the clue 'One of the US' had appeared. The solution 'UTAH' appeared the next day on May 3rd. 'UTAH' was a code name for one of the beaches to be taken by US troops in the planned invasion only a month away. That was in edition number 5775 – which is incidentally, an anagram of 5577.⁹ Some may say that this is fiddling with the numbers, but an anagram is a code, and what is more, crossword clues are coded references.

The next D-Day clue came on 22nd May with 'Red Indian on the Missouri'. The solution was 'OMAHA', published the next day. 'OMAHA' was the code name for the other landing beach for the American part of the invasion. On 27th May, a complicated two-part clue was set in the prize competition crossword. On 30th May, there appeared a clue 'The bush is the centre for nursery revolutions'. Next day the solution 'MULBERRY' appeared. This was the code name for the artificial harbours which were to be constructed to allow the supplies and armour to be landed. On 1st June, came the clue 'Britannia and he hold the same thing'. The reference is to trident and of course NEPTUNE holds a trident in the traditional representation.. In the same edition was the solution to the prize crossword of 27th May. The clue was 11 across: '.....but some bigwig like this has stolen some of it at times.' This is the second half of clue 10 across: 'Not apparently very high class land....' The solution to this clue was 'COMMON'. The solution to 11 across was OVERLORD..

So, the solution appearing on Friday, 2nd June only three days before the planned D-Day landings, was 'NEPTUNE'. It was the code name for the whole naval invasion fleet operation. Even more astonishing is that a few inches to the left of this solution, on the same page of the very same newspaper was the solution to the prize crossword of 27th May. Clue 11 across had the solution 'OVERLORD'. This was the code name for the entire D-Day landings operation now set by Eisenhower for 5th June, only three days away. MI5 were very concerned. Was someone using the *Daily Telegraph* crosswords to pass intelligence information to the Germans? Dawe was interviewed at length that weekend. It seems he was eventually able to convince them that it was merely an astonishing series of coincidences. If such a curious set of coincidences had happened today, there is little doubt that Dawe would have been immediately arrested and imprisoned. Such is the paranoia of the intelligence world today. But there is evidence that Dawe's clues were a classic case of

⁹ Again, this code links directly back to Akhenaten and Egypt. When I obtained the British Library copy of the 'Akhenaten Royal Tomb', I discovered that they had coded it at shelf mark 5577.26 - Memoirs. In this case, it was 'Memoirs of the Egypt Exploration Society', Vol 7, No. 39 - again, a cross reference of 739 and 557. It is appropriate that it should link back to Akhenaten, for he is the first contemporaneously recorded man in history to assert that there is only One God and that the universe is evidence of His Hand. This concept appears to be out of Akhenaten's contemporaneous time period of 1370 BC and so is perhaps a further indicator that ideas can come from outside time. In other words, 'inspiration' used so loosely nowadays could have a very precise, literal meaning. Does the 'inspiration' come from some entity, such as may be described by the term 'spirit' or 'soul', or even from God Himself? Can the minds of some people link in some way to such a level of existence beyond space and time? For further discussion of the significance of Akhenaten in this work, the reader is referred to other books in this series - 'The Hand of Destiny' and 'Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra'. However the real meaning of the code 5577 did not become clear until July 1994 with the Jupiter comet collision. It also featured with Mohamed Al Fayed, the Duke of Windsor and the death of Princess Diana. But that was not to come until August 1997.

inspiration..

On the evening of 16th January, the pointers which I got in central London indicated that the war would begin at about 2.30am on the 17th. The first bombs were dropped on Baghdad at 2.35 am, 17th January 1991. So, the code breaking had been correct.

* * * * *

This was the first time that I was able to predict in advance the exact date of an event, using my coincidence research. Previously, I had only been able to break the code in retrospect. Although some may prefer to shelter behind a statistical calculation which could estimate that there is a 1 in 10^N chance that all these connections are purely random, the interconnection between the various events that I have examined lead me to the inescapable conclusion that there is an intelligence with a foreknowledge which is beyond our understanding of space and time.

The very next day, 18th January 1991, brought a very curious link back to Leonard Dawe, who had been a school teacher in Leatherhead, Surrey when he was compiling the crosswords. A letter arrived in the post with the offer of a job for me. It was from a firm of consulting engineers in Leatherhead, offering me a job in sewage treatment, a field in which I had worked for many years. Leatherhead is two villages away from Epsom, where we lived. The letter was dated 17th January 1991, the very day that the Gulf War had begun.

Postscript - 559 and back to 557

On that day, 17th January 1991, The '*International Herald Tribune*' carried two different editions both with the number 33557. What is more, I only discovered this through a chance encounter with a man on the Epsom to Victoria train on my way into London on 18th January 1991. The original edition was overtaken by events. So, edition number 2, also 33557, was a special 'Gulf War' edition. There is an ex-'Herald Tribune' van which belongs to a local builder. It parks two streets away from our home. By a strange coincidence, its registration number is WLE 557X.

On Monday, 28th January 1991, I began my job with Howard Humphries, in Leatherhead. Is this not all part of a web of destiny which is cross-linked so heavily by 'coincidence'? For that date was another most significant anniversary. It was exactly five years since 28th January 1986, when the Space Shuttle *Challenger* was destroyed. In its death throes, it described a perfect headdress of Hathor. The hydrogen/oxygen explosion resembled the Ra disc and the solid fuel boosters described the two horns as they flew off separately.

According to Egyptian legend, when mankind turned against him, Ra sent Hathor in the form of Sekhmet, to destroy mankind by fire. *Challenger* was destroyed by fire. And remember that Ra, was Akhenaten's name for God. Man certainly challenges God now. Is this another element in the series of warnings? There are other curious elements relating to this disaster, but these will be covered in other publications. What is more the purpose of that shuttle flight was to teach from space. Hence a schoolteacher, Christa Macauliffe was a member of the crew. It just was not the lesson Reagan and NASA intended.

13. The Seventh Sign – Part III

Part III of The Seventh Sign experience came two days after the Gulf war began. We came across an ex-rental copy of The Seventh Sign video for sale. It was 19th January 1991, two days after the first Gulf War began. On 13th January, I had used my coincidence codes to calculate the date of the start of the Gulf War. This prophecy was proved correct around 2.30am on 17th January.

We had been in North Cheam, in Surrey that afternoon. We had gone back to this shop on 19/1/91 to try to get another copy of my membership card as I had put the original 'safely' away. However, it was so 'safe' I had been unable to find it.

Some while before, in early 1990, we had searched local video shops to try to find a copy of the film Sphinx. This film is based on a novel which links the finding of Tutankhamun's Tomb to the finding of the tomb of the Pharaoh Seti. My own research links Akhenaten and Tutankhamun to the modern SETI. NASA produced this acronym for its Search for Extra Terrestrial Intelligence programme. My research provides evidence for a real Source of Extra Terrestrial Intelligence. In effect, it is the first successful SETI project. It was at this particular video shop in North Cheam that we had managed to locate a copy of Sphinx. When I had joined the MGS Video Club at North Cheam, to borrow Sphinx, I had been given the membership number 2293.

Is it just chance that the address of this shop is 557 London Road, North Cheam? Or is more evidence for SETI? The shop was just across the road from the large Sainsbury's supermarket. Behind the supermarket carpark which was located at the back of the shop, was the hall which is used by the local drama club we had attended on the night of 22nd September 1989. It had been on our way home from that meeting when we had discovered our '2297' video shop in Stoneleigh Broadway. It is all so intricately interwoven

While the owner of MGS video made out another card after I had explained why I needed it, Jenny looked through the videos for sale. She came over to the counter quite triumphant. "Look what I've found" she exclaimed. I stared in amazement at the video in her hand. It was a copy of The Seventh Sign.

And 2293? Was it because it was our third direct encounter with the film? First we had seen the film on 24th November 1988. Secondly, we had hired a copy of the video on 23rd September 1989, when I was given the membership number 2297. Now, the third time, on 19th January, 1991, we find a copy of the film to buy from a shop where my membership number was 2293. It would seem that the pointers were indicating that the Gulf War was yet another step on the inexorable path to 229 and the 'End Times'.

There was to be one other significant encounter with The Seventh Sign and that was when I heard a woman discussing the film in a charity shop in Sutton Surrey in October 1989. That conversation caused me to find a copy of what was then a rare book. Because of the Titanic blockbuster film of 1998, the book has been reprinted by various publishers. It is called 'Futility or the Wreck of the Titan'. It is now a topic

of widespread interest and is one of the commonest internet searches that finds our own website. *Futility* was a novel written in 1898 by an American Great Lakes captain, Morgan Robertson. It recounts the story of the loss of a huge liner on the North Atlantic crossing. There are many uncanny parallels to the loss of the Titanic 14 years later. The events of that morning in Sutton revolved strongly around some very powerful coincidences relating to the past, the Lockerbie air disaster. It transpired that they also related to the future, the Loma Prieta earthquake in San Francisco, then only hours into the future. But they also related to the more significant event still to come, the End of the World. A detailed discussion of Morgan Robertson's novel, † the various reprints and the Titanic itself will be found in *The Enigma Variations*.¹⁰

I had often felt that Morgan Robertson was inspired in a parallel way to our being given the '557 Lockerbie codes. I had also felt that idea for the plot of *The Seventh Sign* too was inspired in like manner. Even the choice of an actress to play the lead character Abby was uncannily appropriate. Demi Moore was chosen because she happened to be pregnant at the time. Incidentally there are flashbacks in the film which suggest she is a reincarnation of Mary Magdalene. In the film, Abby's baby was due on 2.29, i.e. 29th February of some leap year. Demi's baby was born on 16th August, 1988 and named Rumer. It is an unremarkable date, you might think, until you realise that it is the 229th day of the leap year 1988 when the film was released.

How can it possibly be all just chance? Is there not perhaps evidence of true inspiration behind this less than successful film?

And does not the incredible interweaving of all three elements, Lockerbie, *Futility*, the Titanic and *The Seventh Sign* at very relevant times in our lives not indicate Design and very precise design at that?

12.03pm 14th April 2004.

I mentioned earlier that Demi Moore's real life was woven into the plot of the film. At the time of the film, she was pregnant. Her first child, Rumer, was born shortly after filming was completed. It was quite a few years later that I began to wonder about her birth. Given the fact that the film was released in November 1988, it occurred to me that her baby could have been born on 22nd September 1988, i.e. 22-9-88 in standard British dating. It seemed most unlikely but I felt I was somehow being led to find out. It took me a while to find the date of birth on the internet. When I did, I was at first a little disappointed.

Rumer Willis was born on 16th August 1988 (16888!!!). That was very close to 229, but it was not close enough. 16th August is day 228 of the year. Then I realised

¹⁰ When I produced the first version of this chapter as part of a web page, I made the following comment. Is it just chance that as I typed that last sentence, my eye was drawn to the computer clock. At † the time was 1140am. The date is 14th April 2004. The Titanic struck the iceberg at 1140 pm on 14th April 1912. Why did I choose to do this this morning? I didn't. I felt I had to correct an error in the 2293 item from the webpage. I had recently found a section I had written in 1994 when I was compiling 'The Alpha and Omega Codes'. When I came to split 'The Seventh Sign' webpage into three last night, I had discovered the error. I was too tired to find the right section to correct it last night. Hence, I started on it this morning. Is it not evidence of doing the right thing at the right time, ie guidance? As I was writing about 2293 and the third encounter, I had suddenly been reminded of the Sutton experience

that 1988 was a leap year. So 16th August is Day 229 of the year. The pregnancy, which is the key reason Demi Moore was cast in the role, revolves around a baby born on 2-29-XX, a leap year by definition, as 29th February only occurs in a leap year.

Her real baby is born on the 229th day of a leap year. So, is there indeed a strong connection between the fictional film and the real world? For in the Alpha and Omega Codes, 229 has proved to be a very important code. 229 and 557 are the two most important codes of all. We know the 557 event occurred. So - will the 229 event also come to pass? Is man to experience God's final justice in the not too distant future? (1.19 pm 27th September 2004).

Endnote

The original dictation of 'The Seventh Sign' as a webpage was finished on 17th January 2004, at 9.36.00 am. I noticed the time as I inserted the 2293 card image into this page for the first time. It was 12.29am on 19th January 2004, 13 years to the day since getting the card. I had intended to finish this page that morning, but other changes took too long. Then it came to me to revise the Enigma Web Log site, so I spent the afternoon and evening doing that. So I ended up finishing this page then. Perhaps I was meant to. Finishing it like this, echoes the theme that 'The Seventh Sign' has a relevance to now. 19th January 2004, 0044am

The webpage was split into three parts for clarity and better coherence in this book, on 13th April. The text editing was finished at 12.29.58 pm

There was a formatting problem with this footnote. It was finally solved by converting it to an Endnote at 12.29 on 10th November 2005, the day this book was first printed of in full.

14. The Madeleine and 1117

On 14th November 1991, the British and American governments issued an indictment against two Libyans Abdelbaset al-Megrahi and al Amin Fima accusing them of blowing up Pan Am 103 over Lockerbie on 21st December 1988. This was something of a U-turn because, for some while, claims had been made in the British media that Palestinians had been behind the 'bombing'.

Many things had happened to us over the months following the Lockerbie plane crash. But the tirade of official lies from the British and American governments reached a crescendo in November 1991. We just had to go to Paris. We thought we were going in connection with our Lockerbie experiences, but as is so often the case when we follow the Voice, the clues, the pointers, the quest, the real purpose is much more complex. That proved to be the case here.

We went to Paris because of Lockerbie to find our weekend powerfully cross-connected both to the story of Ankhoun-pa-Aten and especially to that of Mary Magdalen, as well as to a warning of the approaching End of the Word. Paris, it seemed, was the radiating star for the Codes – L'Etoile. For not only did our visits cross-link and authenticate the stories from the spirits of Mary, Ankhoun and Diana, they were, in time, to link strongly to the warnings from the spirit of the Duke of Windsor. He also died in Paris. His warnings were a prelude to the death of Diana, whose very last visit was to the Paris villa in which he died. And *étoile* was the word that triggered the experience in a Gospel reading, during Mass in a Paris church.

Yes, the French connections to Mary's story and the end of the line of David are quite incredible. Here is the account of 'The Madeleine Experience'.

On 14th November 1991, the British and American governments issued an indictment against two Libyans Abdelbaset al-Megrahi and al Amin Fima accusing them of blowing up Pan Am 103 over Lockerbie on 21st December 1988. This was something of a U-turn because, for some while, claims had been made in the British media that Palestinians had been behind the 'bombing'.

We knew the charges were false and that the men were innocent. They were guilty only of being Libyan, which would probably be enough to secure their conviction in the British courts, given their fine track record of dispensing justice. For instance, there was the case of the Birmingham Six who, although convicted of the Birmingham pub bombing of 1974, had really been guilty only of being Irish and playing cards. But just as with Lockerbie, there was a strong, indeed over-riding will to 'get somebody'. An incompetent forensic scientist provided the evidence to suite the political will. But in all this, there is an uncanny golden thread of destiny.¹¹

I felt we should try and talk to a Libyan Embassy official, but there was no Libyan Embassy in London. Diplomatic relations with Libya had been broken off

¹¹ See Appendix 1 – *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*

in the early 1980s, following the killing of a policewoman in the Libyan Embassy siege. The nearest Libyan Embassy was in Paris. So on 15th November, we left Victoria Station for Folkestone and the night ferry to Dieppe.

We arrived at Paris St. Lazare at around 6 am on the Saturday and, leaving our cases in Left Luggage, spent some time in the Louvre before booking into a hotel near the station around lunchtime. In the afternoon, we wandered up to Montmartre, had a meal in a café and then found ourselves 'summoned by bells'. We discovered that we were just beside the beautiful basilica of Sacré Coeur. We went into the church. It seemed a very spiritual place. The church was lit only by candles. There was no service. Many people were slowly walking round, lighting candles or praying. Outside, quite a few more sat quietly on the steps.

It seemed quite a different kind of Paris Saturday night life than we had expected. In a way, I was a little surprised. I could not imagine such a thing happening in any church in England - Catholic or Anglican. The Catholic churches or cathedrals shut up shop, on the dot, after Mass. The Anglican ones were normally closed. If not, the only noise would be the jingling of cash registers, the cathedral admission tills. Perhaps, somehow, there still was something of a real belief in the spiritual in France, which was lacking in England. It was ironic, given the fact that France is supposed to be a totally secular society whereas England has a national church and a supposedly Christian head of state, even if her behaviour is often decidedly un-Christian. She is the Supreme Governor of the Church of England. The government in power was John Major's Conservative (Tory) government and it has been said that the Church of England is the Tory party at prayer. As far as the Labour Party is concerned, there is no God and there should be no monarchy!

The next morning, the idea came to me to walk from our hotel by Gare St. Lazare to Notre Dame Cathedral. In a way, it was inspired by a book. A few months before, in Salisbury¹² charity shop, I had found a novel by Raymond Leonard entitled *The Nostradamus Inheritance*. I had found the novel on 24th August 1991 and read it over the following day. It is a novel about the End of the World and the possibility of calculating when this will be, using powerful computers and some obscure equations from Nostradamus. These equations derived from a manuscript found in the crypt at Notre Dame. I finished reading the novel on 25th August, and the world's end in the novel occurs on 27th August, hence the Code for Armageddon Day in *The Alpha and Omega Codes*. Was that implying that the End of the World was not far off?

There were some curious elements in this novel and more elements have emerged over the years since 1991 suggesting that this novel was indeed inspired. It was because of my remembering this novel that we set off on that Sunday morning to walk from Gare St. Lazare to Notre Dame. But we did not get as far as Notre Dame at the start of the novel. We only got as far as the building that, in 1837, was considered a possibility for the first railway station. In Paris.

We had 'found' the Church of the Madeleine. It is an unusual design for a church. It had originally been conceived as the 'Temple de la Gloire' for the victorious French armies. With the completion of the Arc de Triomphe in 1808 and

¹² Salisbury is another Cathedral City. That cathedral has a further connection in *The Alpha and Omega Codes* - The Writing on the Wall.

the disasters of the Peninsula War, the impetus was lost. On 24th March 1842, the building was consecrated as L'Eglise de la Madeleine, the Church of the Magdalen.

As we seemed to have been led to this church 'by coincidence', we went in and sat at the back. A Mass was in progress. It was in French of course, and we tried to follow it, with Jenny having rather more success in this regard. During the Lesson, she turned to me and said "'The stars falling from heaven...' - isn't that about the end of the world?" As I write this, the word l'étoile - star - comes into my mind. That was the word in French that Jenny had picked up.

After the service, we went to find a priest to ask for the reference for the reading. But all the priests seemed to have vanished. Eventually one priest reappeared. The time was 1229. That seemed a very appropriate moment to go and ask about this reading. I walked up to the altar and asked the priest about the Lesson. He told me the reading was *Mark* 13, 24-32 and gave me a *Bible* in English to read. "You can sit there," he said, indicating what would be the choir stalls in an Anglican cathedral. Jenny's 'star' reference was 13,25.¹³ *And the stars of heaven shall fall.* I sat taking in this line and the rest of the page to myself. Suddenly I became aware that the church had filled up. The other priests had suddenly appeared. There must be a 12.30 Mass which was just beginning. And I was still sitting in the choir stalls. I had to pretend I was meant to be there. I noticed that Jenny had just sat quietly in the second to front pew, trying to follow the Mass. As the service progressed, I got up and sat down with the priests. Then, to my consternation, the priest who had given me the *Bible* suddenly said "Now you go." What on earth did he mean? Surely he didn't intend me to go back to my seat in the body of the church in the middle of the service. No he didn't. He intended me to read the Lesson.

"I can't read it in French," I protested.

"Read it in English," he replied.

I walked to the lectern in this huge church with some trepidation. Only once before in my life had I read a Lesson in church and that was at Evensong in Worcester College chapel in 1966, my first year at Oxford. And on that occasion, the congregation had numbered fewer than fifty. This was more like a cathedral than a church. Several hundred people were assembled to celebrate Mass. To me, theirs was a foreign country with a language I could understand only very partially at best. It was even an alien service as it was according to the French Catholic rites and my upbringing had been in the Anglican traditions of the Church of England.

To say I felt intimidated would be an understatement. However, this church had such a relevance to Mary Magdalene. The very date itself was linked to Akhenaten and Ankh-sun-pa-Aten. I knew I must be meant to read the Lesson because it warned of the signs of the End of the World. And that was what my real work had become, to warn of the real signs of the End of the World. These signs are to be found outside the *Bible*, but signs, nonetheless, put there by the Hand of God. My reading that Lesson seemed so very appropriate.

As I began to read the Lesson, my apprehension disappeared. I found myself reading with great power and conviction, the following passage from the Gospel according to St. Mark.

24 *But in those days, after that tribulation, the sun shall be darkened, and the moon shall*

¹³ Later, Code 325 was to refer to the Duke of Windsor in *The Alpha and Omega Codes*.

not give her light,
 25 And the stars of heaven shall fall, and the powers that are in heaven shall be shaken
 26 And then shall they see the Son of man coming in the clouds with great power and glory.
 27 And then shall He send his angels, and shall gather together His elect from the four
 winds, from the uttermost part of the earth to the uttermost part of heaven
 28 Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When her branch is yet tender, and putteth forth
 leaves, ye know that summer is near:
 29 So ye in like manner, when ye shall see these things come to pass, know that it is nigh,
 even at the doors.
 30 Verily I say unto you, that this generation shall not pass, till all these things be done.
 31 Heaven and earth shall pass away : but my words shall not pass away.
 32 But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven,
 neither the Son, but only the Father.

To most of the congregation, I was reading in a foreign language. No doubt a proportion could understand English.

As I sat down, a feeling of wonder and amazement flooded over me. I could hardly believe things could be brought to happen with such precision of timing. I felt overwhelmed. I had gone up to the altar at 12.29 pm. 229 was the number which had occurred so often, linking to the warnings of the End of the World. Mary, in the last part of her story, *The Covenant*, warns of what is to come. Now, in this great church, possibly the largest church in Christendom dedicated to Mary Magdalen, I had been asked to read St. Mark's Gospel, giving the very same warning. Surely this could not possibly be mere chance - nor a fabrication of my mind. Even the choice of organ music at the end of the service was inspired - you could certainly feel 'Dies Irae' in the closing organ 'voluntary'.

I realised later, when I found a *Catholic Missal* in an Epsom Oxfam charity shop, that it was almost the End time of the Church's Year. Advent was but two weeks off. Advent is when Christians remember not only the birth of Christ but also the Second Coming. This aspect has rather disappeared from the modern Christian scene!¹⁴

It had indeed been a case of the star - *l'étoile*. For that morning, 17th November 1991, was the 100th anniversary of the first ever expedition to Akhenaten's city, an expedition that had been brought to our attention in 1988 through a very strange coincidence in our Scottish Borders farmhouse. This incident is described in Ankhsoun's story, *Daughter of Ra*. That experience in the Madeleine that morning was like a star radiating to Mary, to Ankhsoun, to the End of the World, but also to God and His inspiration.

So this Paris church was both cross-correlating the authenticity of our experiences of the spirits of these two women of antiquity, and cross-linking their stories back to the same Source of Intelligence. Christ knew Him as Elohim, Akhenaten knew Him as Ra or Aten-Ra and we call Him God - or Ra sometimes, to avoid the evangelical confusion that by God we mean Jesus.

What is more, the experience had then progressed on from the past to the future when I was told to read the Lesson warning of the signs of the End of the World.

¹⁴ As an example, see the Anglican re-write - or should it be re-rite? - of the Advent hymn *Hills of the North Rejoice* in *Common Praise*, the new hymn book, adopted in the year 2000.

The theme of the priest's sermon which followed my Lesson was 'How will we know of the End Times?' I could have told him, but when I tried after the service, he was too busy to listen. Like most priests, he had all the answers he needed. Unfortunately, most of them are wrong.

God's inspiration had guided us to this very church, through inspiration in a novel about the End of the World. But a priest would not bother to listen to me. I was not an official representative. I had not been trained, not fitted with the requisite blinkers.

And not only did I read a Lesson warning of the Last Judgement at the Madeleine, the theme is echoed in the very fabric of this unique building. For, set in stone on the pediment above the Corinthian columns on the front of La Madeleine, is a *Last Judgement* scene by Lemaire. Was the choice of this design mere chance or was the choice of design 'inspired' from a Source outside space and time? The judgement scene shows Mary Magdalene kneeling before Christ for her sins to be forgiven. There are seventeen other symbolic figures on the pediment.

A Brief History of The Madeleine

In 1746, Louis XV donated a large tract of land so that a statue of himself on horseback could be erected by the City of Paris. The new Place de Louis XV became, in time, the Place de la Révolution and then the Place de la Concorde. The King decreed, in 1753, that a church should be built on that particular spot, dedicated to Mary Magdalen. He laid the first stone for the church on 3rd August 1763. The plans of the first architect, D'Ivry, allowed for the church to have a ground plan of a Latin cross surmounted by a huge dome. In 1777, D'Ivry died and the new architect changed the plans. The building was now to have the ground plan of a Greek cross with a wide dome and Corinthian columns on a large porch. The Revolution terminated these plans.

In 1806, Napoleon decreed that the site was to be used for a Temple of Glory to remember the dead of the army. He adapted as his own the scheme to make it into a church. With the fall of the Empire, the building site was again deserted. In 1816, Louis XVIII issued instructions to build a church to the memory of Louis XVI and his wife but the same architect, Vignon, continued the work.

In 1828, Vignon died and the revolution of 1830 removed the King and it was no longer considered desirable to perpetuate the memory of Louis XVI. It was not until 1842 that the church was finally completed. The official inauguration took place on Sunday, 24th March, the Feast Day of Mary Magdalen.¹⁵ The Archbishop of Paris consecrated it on 9th October 1845. It is interesting to note that it was Napoleon who was responsible for the choice of architect and final design for the church and it was Napoleon who was responsible for opening up ancient Egypt to western eyes, with his expedition which first landed at Alexandria on 1st July 1798.

Next morning, Monday 18th November, it was time to go to the Libyan Embassy. That had, after all, been the purpose of our second trip to Paris. We wanted to talk to the Libyan Ambassador about Lockerbie. We knew from what we had been shown through meaningful coincidences that the blame for the destruction of Pan

¹⁵ This is taken from a French publication. Rather strangely, the Feast Day of Mary Magdalen in both the Anglican and Catholic churches is 22nd July.

Am 103 lay not with Libyans, Palestinians or Iranians but with Americans, specifically Pan Am. The only other party with any possible guilt in the matter was the Pentagon, as the aircraft had been modified to be used in the USAF strategic air reserve in time of war. The first time the Strategic Reserve was called up was for the 1990 Gulf War build up. There was no bomb on Pan Am 103. The aircraft had suffered massive structural failure. The whole bomb scenario was false. Any 'bomb evidence' had been manufactured – more reliable forensic scientists!

We did not really expect the Libyans to listen properly to what we had to say, but we felt we had been guided to go to Paris so we had at least to make the attempt. We found an address for the Libyan Embassy and made our way to rue Kepler. It was an area of Paris that Jenny knew well. But it turned out to be only the Consulate. The Embassy was situated at 2 rue Charles Lamoureux, near the Bois de Boulogne.

As we walked down Avenue Foch towards the Bois, we were surprised by the incredibly high police presence. It was like a scene from *The Day of the Jackal*! It transpired that there was a meeting of the presidents of all French-speaking countries. On reflection, it was a pointer to a high profile assassination to come in Paris – and one with strong links to the Bois de Boulogne. It was a link to the forthcoming murder of Princess Dianas. We found the Embassy with little difficulty. It was years later that I saw the connection, even in the address, to the reason for Diana's murder.

The Ambassador was in Tripoli and his Deputy was not available until 4 pm. So we returned at 4 pm, but to say he was not interested was an understatement. Still, he had been given the opportunity to understand. It was his loss – but more importantly, that of his country and his countrymen too, not to mention the innocent man now rotting in the high security wing of Barlinnie Prison in Glasgow. But the hundreds of millions of dollars of blackmailed blood money extracted by the USA from Libya was still some way in the future.

After that fruitless meeting, we decided to finish the journey to Notre Dame which we had begun the morning before but which had been cut short by our discovery of the Madeleine. That cathedral struck us as cold and bleak. We sat through an evening Mass in the cathedral. It was very much an anti-climax after the Madeleine. There was none of the spirituality we had observed at Sacré Coeur on the Saturday night.

After the service, we made our way by Métro towards Gare St. Lazare for a train to Dieppe and our night ferry crossing back to Folkestone. En route, we had stopped for a meal. Changing trains at Pigalle Metro Station, Jenny caught sight of a copy of Le Monde in a rubbish bin, with the word 'Lockerbie' on a headline. She took it out and began to read it. All I saw was the edition number of the newspaper for 16th November 1991, the morning we had arrived at Gare St. Lazare on a visit specifically in connection with Lockerbie. That edition number was 14557. Our Lockerbie prediction Code experience began on 2nd December 1988 with the number 557. Pan Am 103 crashed at Lockerbie, 55°7'N, on 21st December. It was a sign that we were following the true signs, that we were fulfilling our destiny. If others didn't want to know, it was their mistake.

It was unbelievably precise – so strong an element of destiny. That weekend had linked in so precisely with the 100th anniversary of 17th November 1891 and

Akhenaten, and with the Church of the Madeleine and my reading of the Lesson warning of the signs of the End of the World. What is more, only a week before our Lockerbie experience had come the first specific appearance of Code 229, coincidence and its link to the End of the World. We had seen the film *The Seventh Sign* on 24th November 1988 in Carlisle after visiting a solicitor, a symbol, if ever there was one, of the inadequacy of man's justice system.

Now, as we were about to leave Paris, for Jenny to find a newspaper with such a significant code in a rubbish bin almost beggared belief. What is more, the amazingly strong coincidence echoed the theme of Codes in newspaper edition numbers with The *Daily Telegraph* in January 1991 in connection with the Gulf War. Now, Paris was being linked directly to 557 via Le Monde and indirectly to something yet to come, its postcode being 75501. Why should it be *Le Monde*, rather than *Le Figaro* or *Paris Soir*? Is it because the significance of these coincidences has a relevance for the whole world, everyone – or as the French say - tout le monde?

14557 was the edition closest to my reading the Lesson at La Madeleine on Sunday, 17th November on the theme of the approaching End Times. Was it not another indicator that the 557 events are indeed part of the sequences of events which are to herald the Apocalypse?

It is astonishing that edition number 14557 should also be the closest possible edition to the 100th anniversary of the first expedition to Akhetaten. We were forced ever more strongly to the conclusion that there is indeed a web of destiny. For instance, the start of the *Le Monde* edition number sequence must have been on a date in 1945 which could culminate in this anniversary. So many different strands are so intricately interwoven in these events that we were forced ever more strongly to the conclusion that the only possible explanation is in terms of an outside Source of Intelligence which causes all these apparently disconnected events to begin at whatever time is necessary to allow them to come to fruition at the 'appointed time'. Chance, although more comfortable to so many, is not a logical explanation.

This conclusion was to be powerfully confirmed in Egypt less than a month later, with another incredible series of coincidences revolving around the Madeleine and the twin of the obelisk which is framed through the doors of the church, beneath the great organ. For, from the church can be seen the great obelisk of Ramesses II which stands in the Place de la Concorde.

15. Destiny , Nostradamus and the Lockerbie Commuter

There must be a destiny. The amazing coincidences when I went back to working directly for an English water authority were really astonishing.

On 8th July 1993, I began a job with Anglian Water, Engineering and Business Systems carrying out an appraisal of the work needing to be done on two sewage works to enable them to meet their consent conditions into the next century. The two sewage works, Ramsey and Somersham are located in the Huntingdon district Huntingdon as well as being the constituency of the Prime Minister, happens to be twinned with Salon de Provence, the home of Nostradamus. Because of its very large geographical area, Anglian Water has its own internal telephone network based on a number of regional centres. Although my office was in Northampton, my direct dial line began with the code 0480 - 44.... ie via Huntingdon!

On the second day of work at Anglian Water I was given a quotation to add the file for one of the works, Somersham, near St Ives. The quotation referred to a request of 2nd July 1993 for an estimate. Nostradamus died on 2nd July 1566. This quotation, dated 8th July 1993, the day I began work at AW E&BS, was for a survey to be carried out of the Somersham sewage works site and for accurate record drawings to be produced. My attention was suddenly drawn to 'our reference 3557'!

James Randi, the 'psychic investigator' wrote a book entitled *The Mask of Nostradamus* in which he attempts to show that Nostradamus was a fraud. I came across a review of this book in *New Scientist*. The reviewer commented 'The most convincing quatrain produced by Nostradamus is said to be 5.57' ie Century 5, quatrain 57, in which Nostradamus predicts the Montgolfier brothers and the hot air balloon.

Perhaps Nostradamus was not a fraud, after all despite what Randi would have you believe. 5,57 is very significant now as 5°57'N, the first co-ordinate of Lockerbie.

I shared my office in Northampton with an Electrical Engineer. Whereas I commuted every weekend from Epsom to work in Northampton, he commuted from southern Scotland. A colleague in the office told me he came from Dundee. That would have been a surprising coincidence, linking to our *Murder on the Nile*¹⁶ experiences. No, the truth was even more surprising.

When I asked him, his initial response to my question as to where he lived was "Near Dumfries".

"Exactly where near Dumfries" I asked. His reply absolutely staggered me.

"Lockerbie." His home was in Douglas Crescent, 200 yards from the crater made by the main fuselage when it fell in Sherwood Crescent on 21st December 1988. Just another chance encounter was it, or was it guided?¹⁷

¹⁶ That was the original title for Agatha Christie's play, which was filmed as *Death on the Nile*. See Vol2. of *Sands of Eternity, The Hand of Destiny*.

¹⁷ As I edited this section, I was suddenly reminded of *The Celestine Prophecy*, a book which did not appear until about two years later. In that novel, James Redfield weaves a tale around fictional coincidences in order to illustrate New Age tenets of belief. His hero is led from person to person in a sequential series of learning encounters. The interacting people appear to be aware of their role in

As he commented to me after reading one of my papers, he was also on the fringe of the 558 and 559 events too. He had worked for a company building control panels for the Mecca tunnel air conditioning fans and he had worked for a year in Saudi Arabia returning to Lockerbie in December 1990 just before the start of the Gulf War.

What date did he move to Lockerbie? It was on 21st December, 1987. N739PA crashed onto the town one year to the day after they moved in to their new home.

Now at Northampton, for the first time I was working directly for one of the privatised Water Companies. When I had gone to work for Anglian Water, I had forgotten the significant coincidences of the 666 CRNs. I was reminded of them when my former boss at Northampton, Dick Parker wrote to me, thanking me for the work which I had done on the sewage works at Somersham and Ramsay, near Huntingdon. The letter was dated 1st November 1993 and carried the Company Registration Number for Anglian Water Engineering and Business Service, 2319234. A year or so later I needed references for my New Zealand Immigration applications, so I asked him for a reference which he kindly supplied. By September 1994, AWEBS had been re-absorbed into Anglian Water. His reference came from the same address but now from Anglian Water Services, CRN 2366656. In his reference, Dick warned potential employers that I was highly competent, but an individual and not a team player. A similar request to my former boss at Northumbrian Regional Water Authority produced a reference on Northumbrian Water Ltd notepaper, CRN 2366703.

Endnote

Given the 62666 Zeebrugge connections to the Herald of Free Enterprise, with which this section began, The CRNs of the Water PLCs seems a particularly significant coincidence. When I consider how the Gospel of Privatisation has spread around the planet and 'created wealth' for the few by asset-stripping the many in the supposed name of greater efficiency, I see no reason to change my conclusions that privatisation and its supporters are inherently evil. It is capitalism at its worst, totally devoid of any morality whatsoever. Britain once had a mixed economy which struck a fair balance. The *Daily Telegraph* triumphantly celebrated Thatcher's 80th birthday, appropriately reported in Issue 743. 'Her government introduced economic and trade union reforms that transformed the country's standing'. The Weekly Express front page headline **PENSIONER STABBED TO DEATH AT CHECKOUT**. Then the article referred to 'the chilling nature of random violence sweeping Britain.' A deeply divided society, becoming progressively more vicious, is one of the rewards of Thatcherism. Dog eat dog- competition - more?

Only last week I read of the Russian self-made billionaire who was the front man for an organisation.....Russian gas and oil company for \$250m and sold it back to the State for \$4000m . That wealth belonged to the Russian people not the wheelers and dealers who managed to manipulate the system for their own ends. This is the real nature of so-called wealth creation in the market forces world. As well as buying Chelsea Football Club, Abramson also bought the villa where the Duke of Windsor used to stay in the South of France, at Cap Ferrat.

Entrepreneurs certainly do live up to their name, doing very little to get their 'take in between'
30th October 2005 18-4

the web of coincidence and in teaching the pilgrim as he gradually learns the secrets. There is something of a parallel in my life in that I am led to people who connect in a strange manner with my research and Phil is one such example. The difference is that he was not aware of coincidence until I explained the relevance of Lockerbie to my research work. So once again, there are elements of reality in a novel, but much which is not.

16. Full Circle - Another Car Code and Nefertiti

My techniques could be considered to be enhancing the paranormal signal so that it can be distinguished from the background noise which is such a problem in more conventional paranormal research. I did my research degree in chemical physics in the field of photo-electron spectroscopy - the interaction of light with matter - elements of time and space. This current research, though, appears to involve an Intelligence outside time and space which intervenes in time and space, either directly, or through the agency of inspiration/ideas in the mind of the person who is to bring about the material connection in time and space. When I was doing my research in photo-electron spectroscopy, my main persistent problem was to obtain a genuine signal distinguishable from the noise level. This was before the age of computer enhancement. I did eventually manage to improve the Signal/Noise ratio sufficiently to obtain adequate spectral traces. In this current research, I feel, likewise, that my techniques have enabled me to obtain a reliable signal in a field of apparent random noise - the chaos of world events. . It is the first successful SETI project in the history of mankind.

My research had led me to postulate theories about successful prophecy. As described earlier in this book, I was able on one occasion, 14.1.91, to calculate the date of an event in advance of its occurrence. The story began in December 1988 with a car chassis number ending in 557, which turned out to be the co-ordinate (55 7'N) of Sherwood Crescent in Lockerbie where the plane was to crash ten days later. The 557 sequence was followed by a 558 sequence. Seeing a pattern, I postulated the sequence would then move to 559, and wrote down my prediction on 14.1.91 in notebook number 636.

This was a book which I began on 13.1.91. This comes full circle right back to another chassis number on another car. This time the vehicle in question was my own car, purchased by me on 6th December 1985. Whereas the car chassis number which gave pointers to the Lockerbie plane crash was 7AM396557, that of my own car is 7AM**131636**.¹⁸ Is it just chance that, in the book beginning on **13.1.91** number **636**, I wrote down this prediction? Was it known by the Source of Intelligence, when I purchased the car in December 1985, that by 1991 I would have reached book number 636? No man could have calculated that.

¹⁸ A further interesting link back to Akhenaten, the so-called 'Heretic Pharaoh', is also to be found on the same registration document for this vehicle A862 SYE. It is the date I became its new owner. I bought my car was 6th December 1985. I was later to find that it was on that very date in 1913 that Borchardt discovered the beautiful sculpture of Nefertiti's head in the sculptor's studio at the city of Akhetaten. The head then disappeared, emerging mysteriously in Berlin in 1920. It is probably the most famous sculpture from antiquity. Nefertiti was the wife of Akhenaten and on 8th June 1986, I began to write down the story of their daughter, Ankhsoun-pa-Aten - a story inspired from beyond space and time. This, and related evidence, are to be found in another book entitled *Ankhsoun, Daughter of Ra*

I started to write notes of my work - coincidences, people I meet, ideas, in October 1984. Initially they were in small A6 sized commercially produced hard back notebooks. Then I changed to thinner notebooks of various types. Then, from early 1986, I began to make my own, stapling together a bundle of sheets of paper after cutting in half piles of A4 paper. Sometimes I used a notebook per day, for instance in Egypt, but more usually two per week. Sometimes the books are thick, sometimes thin. It all depends how many sheets I get hold of to staple together. There are so many variables. Yet, I was on book 636 on that day, 14th January 1991, when I made my first ever successful prediction that, from my calculations, the Gulf War would begin on 17th January 1991. No doubt others would say that they could have guessed it would start then. That is irrelevant. I calculated it from the juxtaposition on 17th January 1991 of two cross references in time - from the Lockerbie plane crash and the Kegworth plane crash - and apparent errors in the *Daily Telegraphs* of January 1991 akin to the D-Day code words in the *Daily Telegraph* of May/June 1944. 62 Full Circle.... I calculated it on the basis of my theory that this was a code being used by the outside Intelligence to convey to me information it already possessed about what was to come, just as I theorised that the Intelligence had inspired the composer of the D-Day clues in the *Daily Telegraph* crosswords. What is more, the Intelligence appeared to be utilising events which, to conventional physics, have no connection, but which, upon closer inspection, can be seen to have very strong symbolic connections. Are we being led to use our minds to think in much wider contexts? Are events really as disconnected as science would have us believe?

On 16th January 1991, the night before the war was due to begin, the pointers even indicated that the war would begin about 2.30 am, but, more importantly, that these events were also part of the 'end times'. The first bombs fell on Baghdad at 2.35 am, 17th January 1991.

To mark the 50th anniversary of D-Day, the 'Daily Telegraph' reprinted the last four of the D-Day crosswords, with their solutions, in the week 31st May - 2nd June 1994.

Last week, on 4th August 1994, I was trying to find out more about Leonard Dawe. I drew a blank at county libraries in Portsmouth and Southampton. Both these places have strong local D-Day connections. Even Guildford had no information, although Leonard Dawe was a schoolteacher in Leatherhead at the time in 1944. The only lead came from the 'Daily Telegraph' library itself. They were able to tell me that the Telegraph had published his obituary on 14th January 1963. This was the very same date that the Telegraph* had made its second edition number error 28 years later, on 14th January 1991. It was also the date I had written my prediction down in my notebook. When I got a copy of the very brief obituary, I discovered that he had died on the previous day, 13th January 1963, 13.1.63. This is the first five digits of my car chassis number.

Incidentally, 1963 paralleled 1991 precisely. It was 28 years apart and the days occur on exactly the same dates. The *Telegraph* for 1963 for the period 7-17th January carried some very curious 'pre-echoes' of events to come in 1991.

11.17.55 am 10/8/94

Postscript.

After writing this passage, I went to get a paper. The newspaper *Today* has a large front page headline 'Gulf War Medal Scandal'. It is a very long time since the Gulf War was headline news!

The next day I had to go for a meeting at HMS Dryad near Portsmouth. Afterwards, I decided to visit Southwick House, which is in the grounds of HMS Dryad. It was here that Eisenhower and Montgomery planned the D-Day invasion. I had just taken a couple of photographs of the enormous D-Day map which has been restored in the map room and then walked down to the Southwick House exit gate to wait for the shuttle bus back to the main gate. I got on the bus and happened to choose to sit on the right hand side. The bus swung into the car park to turn round to go back to the main gate. There was only one car in the car park. As the bus swung round almost on top of it to turn, I realised, as it flashed beneath my window, that it was a Montego estate car, registration J559 MRP.

So, once again, the wheel had gone full circle to another Montego Estate. It was striking confirmation of my theory of a connection between the D-Day codes in the 'Daily Telegraph' and the Gulf War codes of 557 and 559.

Is there not far more to so-called 'coincidence' than many people would like to think?

17. Another American Earthquake

I had just left work on the evening of 17th January 1994. As I inched my car forward in the Portsmouth rush hour traffic, I noticed that the time was 5.09 pm so I pulled up the aerial and switched on the radio to hear the 5 pm news bulletin. I just caught a few words ".....reporting from the earthquake centre in Colorado.....". Later on came more details of the major earthquake which, that morning, had struck Los Angeles. Damage was very widespread, with collapsed motorways, apartment blocks and fires.

"How curious," I thought, "on the exact anniversary of the start of the Gulf War. Perhaps Justice is now going to come for America for what it did in the Gulf War."

Later that evening, at home, as I watched the scenes of the devastation, destroyed buildings, floods from shattered water mains and roaring infernos from fractured gas mains, people being pulled out of the rubble, cars wrecked by building falling on them, bridges destroyed, the thought came to mind.

"It is just what they did to Baghdad!" Since the start of the year, pointers had been strong to 1994 bringing disaster for America, as a warning to the rest of the world. For instance, the connections with Admiral Byng in Portsmouth had been brought very strongly to my attention, beginning on January 4th on my first day back at work in 1994. Voltaire's words, written specifically in connection with the judicial murder of Admiral Byng, have a particular relevance now - "Pour encourager les autres".

The previous week, on 13th/14th January, there had been a very strong juxtaposition of 559 coincidences suggesting that the original 559 sequence of events of three years ago was not yet complete. 13th/14th January was significant in 1991 because of the prediction described earlier. 559 was now being linked strongly also to a technological disaster for the United States, probably connected with a nuclear reactor. 559 had long linked to the Heir Apparent to the British throne. So, now there appeared to be a further reference, linking a crisis for him to the time of the American nuclear accident. We had just watched the nine o'clock BBC news bulletin and discovered that the earthquake had occurred at 4.31 am 17/1/94, local time - 12.31 pm GMT. I went to look for my notebook No. 636 to photocopy my prediction of the start of the Gulf War. At about 9.30 pm, 17/1/94, I found the relevant notebook and turned to the prediction. The entry reads as follows:

□¹⁹ Gulf War will begin in the early hours of 17th Jan 1991

B J Cocksey - 4.31.14 pm Epsom 14/1/91, Mon, Upper High Street

Is it not odd that the inspiration for the decision to write down my summary of the breaking of the code by me should come at precisely 4.31pm? Now, would it not be reasonable to conclude that the Source of Intelligence which was responsible for drawing my attention to the 557/558/559 codes in the first place is suggesting that this earthquake, at 4.31 am on 17th January 1994, was somehow connected with the

¹⁹ Note □ means therefore

Gulf War?

I was really surprised, myself, to see the precision of the 4.31 local time. But even the universal time of 12.31 GMT is significant in itself. The Iran earthquake, on 20th ? June 1990, which linked to the 558 Mecca tunnel disaster in the *Web of Destiny* occurred at 12.31 am. In the code sequences, 231 has a particular significance. It is the Dewey Decimal library code for classification for books on 'Doctrines relating to God'. It is not proof - just another element of circumstantial evidence in the overall picture. However, the coincidence in time is very striking indeed. The implication that we should make a connection, indeed that we are meant to make a connection, could not be clearer.

By odd coincidence, Mr Major, the Prime Minister who led Britain into the Gulf War, was also involved with Iraq on the very same day as the earthquake. He was required to give evidence to the Scott Enquiry over the illegal export from Britain of arms to Iraq. He just happens also to be the MP for Huntingdon, the twin town of Salon de Provence, home of Nostradamus.

I am forced ever more to the conclusion that there is a web of destiny, a thread which is woven by an invisible hand, a thread which joins our lives in a way that science cannot even begin to comprehend. This research ties together and advances the work on coincidence of Arthur Koestler and the work on the scientific study of religious experience pioneered by Alister Hardy. My work raises serious doubts about the adequacy of science to explain away the whole of human experience in 'rational' terms. Perhaps the men of old, with their ideas of destiny and God, were far closer to the truth than current wisdom would accept today. Perhaps man is not in ultimate control of the planet at all. Perhaps he just thinks he is. Are these indeed warnings? Can they be ignored with impunity?

It would seem that as the lessons of 739 have not been learned, then events must proceed to 740, at a terrible cost 3557 is being emphasised now with Somersham. The former New York Herald Tribune carried the edition number 33557 for its Gulf War edition. Almost exactly adjacent to the Lockerbie entry of 5°57'N in the atlas is Los Alamos at 35°57'N, where the United States first pretended to the power of God with Trinity Test.

18. The Enigma Codes and Prophecy

I used to refer to the Web of Destiny or the Destiny Codes, but following the repeated cross-connections with the Enigma machines from 1999, and especially with the developments around Easter 2002, I began to refer to them instead as the Enigma codes of Destiny.

I will now use an analogy based on the German World War II Enigma machine to describe our 1988-1991 experiences. I realised in July 1990 that the first rotor had clicked on from 557 to 558. It had moved on from Lockerbie to the Mecca tunnel disaster at the feast of Eid el Adha, the Feast of the Sacrifice. This is one of the holiest times of the Muslim year. Code 557 occurred at Christmas, one of the two holiest times of the Christian year. Code 558 linked to death, Egypt and the Muslim world, whereas 557 had linked to death, America, Britain and the so-called Christian world.

In January 1991, as the start of the Gulf War approached, I had noticed an error in the *Daily Telegraph*. Being mindful of the well-known *Daily Telegraph* crossword D-Day codeword coincidences of May/June 1944, which Arthur Koestler publicised in *The Challenge of Chance*, I hypothesised that this error was part of a prophetic coded message. Perhaps the rotor had clicked on once more.

If so, 559 would be the code number for the start of the Gulf War. The 8th January 1991 provided a cross-linking code confirming my hypothesis and, in line with the 559 Prophecy Edition number code prediction, the Gulf War began on 17th January 1991.

By now that we have safely reached the new millennium though, it is the second rotor which clicks on. The 'Twin Towers' was another click, the bombing of Afghanistan another. But what America is now embarking on is the most monumental of all in its long history of self-serving blunders. Why is it that technological superiority is so often associated with moral blindness and cowardice?

When I wrote the original website version of this chapter on 13.3.3, my 'Armageddon Clock' read d228,361. As I explained earlier, 228 is the Enigma code for Revelation and 229 the main code for the End of the World. I estimated that my 'Armageddon Clock' would reach 229,000 around 21st March, which is around the time that the White House madman would initiate his ill-conceived war for American 'security'. It will bring precisely the opposite.

The second rotor will then click on to a full scale disaster at an American nuclear power station, as 739 progresses to 740. XXX (A) The nuclear power station accident would be purely an accident, technical incompetence, doubtless leavened with corruption and cover-ups, the usual fruits of man's endeavours, be they capitalist or communist.

Precisely when will this American nuclear disaster occur? That I cannot say. But it is clear to me that *The Dorset Disaster*, a 1980 novel by Alexander Sirdar III is every bit as prophetic in its was as was Morgan Robertson's novel *Futility* of 1898 virtually describing the loss of the Titanic in 1912, a key one being the loss of life

caused by both the Titan and the Titanic having 'as few lifeboats as the law allowed'. The only time clue that appears to come from the Codes is that the nuclear disaster will be close in time to the final crisis for the Prince of Wales, a man who ignored the advice of his grandfather to 'put his hand in the Hand of God'. Instead the Heir Apparent preferred the hand of his mistress, the 'doomsday comet' for the House of Windsor.

Of course, it could be that my interpretations of the Enigma Codes are slightly erroneous. After all, I was out by one day when I predicted on the night of 16th/17th August 1997 that Diana would die. The Web of Destiny I had drawn gave 1st September. I had used the wrong time zone. If I had used the correct one, it would have given 31st August.

But then perhaps we have no need to worry after all. Have not the experts calculated that the chance of a major nuclear power station disaster is only 1 in 100,000 reactor years. There is only one tiny fly in the ointment. It just happens to be the same number that the experts came up with from their risk calculations for the total loss of a space shuttle. But it must be admitted, that was before Challenger was destroyed. The statistics are more accurate now. The current score is 2 in 113, making approximately 1 in 57. How could the original risk estimates be so wrong for the space shuttles? Do they build into their risk assessments incompetence, stupidity, laziness and corruption, as well as long term decay and cost cutting exercises? Doubtless with all of these included, the real odds against a nuclear power station disaster will shorten dramatically. The likelihood must be much higher than the industry experts like to claim.

But just as 739 was associated with 557 at Lockerbie, so in the Codes, 740 is associated with 558. 740 relates to the 1955 Report into the consequences of an accident at an American nuclear power station and the whitewash report that followed. 558 is the code which links to death and the Muslim world.

Of course, given the paranoia of Americans and their inability to accept blame for any of their own actions, the cause of the nuclear power station disaster will quickly be established as terrorism. After all, the truth could never be admitted, any more than it could with the Lockerbie air disaster. There will be the traditional rallying round their near-globally detested flag and some 'perpetrator' will be selected to be taught a lesson.

In the fullness of time, the second rotor will click on again and it will bring the destruction of New York City with a hydrogen bomb. The codes do not reveal how this will be delivered. It could be in a sea container, or possibly a railroad car. It could even be part of a wider global exchange - 'mutually assured destruction' was what the idiots once called it.

But there is yet another click, an Extinction Level Event, when the second rotor clicks for the final time, so causing the first rotor to finally click from 559 to 600. The 'Six O'Clock Bus' will have finally reached its destination. One inspired novel happens to have chosen inadvertently, 'by coincidence', precise Enigma Destiny codes for an impact point.

12.12.24am 13.3.3

The message from the Enigma Codes has been clear since 1994 - Heed or Perish! We have tried and tried to warn. No one is willing to listen. I say again 'Heed or Perish!' but I think it is now too late. There are too many evil men in high places.

Now it seems, the Great Whore, the 'whore that corrupteth the kings of the earth' must indeed come to Babylon.

10.19.03 am

Revision 12.28 am 14th March 2003

Postscript - 27th September 2004

Today the NZ Herald reported the arrival of the fourth hurricane to strike Florida this season. Charley struck on August 13th, Frances on September 5th, Ivan on September 16th and Jeanne on 25th September (check date). Three of these names are significant in the Destiny Codes, the fourth is significant for its date. Charley's was the death that began my research in May 1984. Frances was Princess Diana's second name, a death that came in Paris on 31st August 1997. Ivan came on September 16th, day 229 of 2004. Jeanne, of course, refers to the Maid of Orleans, another woman who listened to the voice of God - a woman who linked to our experiences at Rouen on our third trip to Paris on 30th/31st August 1993.²⁰

This was the first time since records began in 1851 that the state had been struck by four hurricanes in one season. Perhaps it was Florida's reward for being responsible for electing such a weak and evil man to such a powerful position - the '500 vote' president. 1851 was the year John Martin began his triptych of paintings on the theme of the End of the World - The Great Day of His Wrath, The Last Judgement and The Plains of Heaven. It also marked the world's first great exhibition of technical achievement at the new Crystal Palace in London.

Look at where technology has now brought the world, especially with evil men convinced of their own 'god-given' rightness at the controls. But precisely which god is it that Bush listens to? Should not American coinage be modified? Surely the words should say 'In THIS god we trust'!

Of course, it might just all be chance.....but, what if it is not?

11.01 am 27th September 2004

Revised 666 moving Water plcs

First Autodate 13/11/2005 22.55:58

21/07/2024 14:01:58

²⁰ I realise that in the following hurricane season, on 29th August 2005, Hurricane Katrina devastated Orleans namesake in the New World, leaving New Orleans a modern day Atlantis. Note added 11.10pm 22nd October 2005

Postscript

Both Jenny and Brian Cocksey have died and it was Brian's request that his books be published. Please excuse errors, I have tried to edit as little as possible because that is how Brian would have published the books.